

CANADIAN EDITION.

ARTEMUS WARD



HIS
TRAVELS

Montreal:
RICHARD WORTHINGTON, 30 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL.

50 Cents.

RICHARD

RAC

ARTEMUS WARD



HIS TRAVELS

PART I.—MISCELLANEOUS.

PART II.—AMONG THE MORMONS.

With Comic Illustrations by Mullen.

Reprinted from the American Copyright Edition.

Montreal:

RICHARD WORTHINGTON, 30 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL.

TO 4

I Dedicate this Volume

**TO AN OLD AND TRIED FRIEND: A RARE COMIC ARTIST:
A GENIAL AND EXCELLENT GENTLEMAN,**

Mr. DAN. SETCHELL, of Boston.

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PART I.
MISCELLANEOUS.

THAT
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ARTEMUS WARD;

HIS TRAVELS.



Artemus is introduced by his daughter to a distinguished landscape painter, who has long hair and a wild expression in his eye.

PART I.

A WAR MEETING.

OUR complaint just now is war meetin's. They've bin havin' 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic, and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us. They're better attended than the Eclipse was.

I remember how people poured into our town last Spring to see the Eclipse. They

labored into a impression that they couldn't see it to home, and so they came up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin' the Eclipse to 'em, in an open-top tent. But the crowds is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

Our big meetin' came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldwinville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. SLINKERS, is a polish'd, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our cotemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-headed, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister SARAH is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home-thrust, Mr. SLINKERS has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I b'lieve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolootly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that "our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion"—I b'lieve upon my soul, this illustis man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty.

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin', when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a port-folio, and his other paw clasp't a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. SWEIBIER, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gazin' admirin'ly upon her first-born," and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter,

done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I—"well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence."

My daughter went out of the room' in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd, I concluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vilently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry offiser's sword and things, which it aroused my BETSY, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my barefooted hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally obsarving that she din't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for scooperanoated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and despatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekanee the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who

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"I cal the Edit Napoleon so many lights up order."

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is sufferin' from an attack of College in a naberin' placc. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capeetle?

"DAN SETCHELL," I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin' foe, and they'll skedaddle! Old SETCH can do it."

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the Editor of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark, in this connection, that the editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men, do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust that the gent'l'man will not fail to say suthin' about the busy haunts of men, before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here, said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."

"You couldn't be *more soft*, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might inlist as a liberty-pole," said I in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin' and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to inlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, commencin' as follers:

Resolved, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on and

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall JACKSON sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months men—

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin' guns and led by BETSY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbereller, burst into the room

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months wimen!"

"Mrs. WARD," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. WARD, and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ary demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin' fools of yourselves. You air willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetins is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall JACKSON from comin' over to Maryland and helpin' himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less talk. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifyin', which don't 'mount to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, and go to fittin'; otherwise you can stay to home and take keer of the children, while we wimin will go to the wars!"

"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfeck rapters.

A WAR MEETING.

"Is this roll-book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin'?" she cried.

"With men—with men!" and our quoty was made up that very night.

There is a great deal of gas about these war meetins. A war meetin', in fact, without gas, would be suthin' like the play of HAMLET with the part of OTHELLO omitted.

Still believin' that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up with as any young lady in distress could expect to be, I am

Yours more'n anybody else's,

A. WARD.

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II.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

A. WARD.

If I'm drafted I shall *resign*.

Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meaner-say, I shall have to resign if I'm drafted everywhere I've bin inrolld. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrolld in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should have eventooally becom a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself Brigadeer-ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin', and made tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my bossum, and said, "It is me, fayther! I thank the gods!"

She reads the *Ledger*.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said ARTEMUS, Jr. He reads the *Clipper*.

My wife was to the sowin' circle. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin' the females of the *other* sowin' circle (which likewise met that afternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' themselves ekally well in slanderin' the fust-named circle), and I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people enjoy themselves.

My son ORGUSTUS was playin' onto a foot.

ORGUSTUS is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin' cob-houss in a corner of the kitchen'.

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this fam'ly, and yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss KELLOGG and CARLOTTY PATTISING; he may have hearn OLE BULL fiddle, and all the DODWORTHS toot, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music—the real, ginuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin' werry sure there'll be no spoons missin' when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; only stays. He ought to 'pologize, on behalf of his parients, for bein' here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

My townsmen were sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorer, and patriotism was below Par—and Mar, too. [A jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazz of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin' four abreast, wendin' their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it calvary?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line 'tween here and Scotsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

"I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

"The mail is hevvy, to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacely, now-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is, very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough."

"And how ist with you?" I inquired of the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, who sot near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin' his head in a wise way. "Ordinarly I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' cuntry bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcin' from week to week, that our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!"

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. SCHWAZEY, a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin' in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered; "How's yer grandmam? When you goin' to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said; "this is what's the matter. I'm a habitoal drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Jes' so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pintoed to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin' once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend excloosively on licker for its sustenance."

"A blessin'," he cried: "a blessin' onto the hed of the man what inwented beans. A blessing' onto his hed!"

"Which his name is GILSON! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speciment of how things was goin' in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleek stalkin' in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ordinary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin'. The meeting was argely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin' bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition being seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doin's? *Nihil fit*—"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's giv three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit!"

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—"Nihil fit."

"Exactly," I said. *Nihil fit*. He was n't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin' pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a

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able-bodied man he must stand his little
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The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent
style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself,
but it had brought all its relations. It has
cum, I said, with a evident intention of
makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to
take off its things and stop with us. My
wife says so too. This is a good war. For
those who like this war, it's just such a
kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My
wife says so too. If the Federal army suc-
ceeds in takin' Washington, and they seem
to be advancin' that way pretty often, I
shall say it is strategy, and Washington
will be safe. And that noble banner, as it
were—that banner, as it were—will be a
emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble
banner—as it were. My wife says so too.
[I got a little mixed up here, but they
did n't notice it. Keep mum.] Feller citi-
zens, it will be a proud day for this Re-
public when Washington is safe. My wife
says so too.

The editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*
here arose and said: "I do not wish to
interrupt the gentleman, but a important
despatch has just bin received at the tele-
graph office here. I will read it. It is as
follows: *Gov'ment is about to take vigor-
ous measures to put down the rebellion!*"
[Loud applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's sooth-
ing. And Washington will be safe. [Sen-
sation.] Philadelphia is safe. Gen. PAT-
TERSON's in Philadelphia. But my heart
bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife
says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble
about money. They've got a lot of first-

class bank-note engravers at Washington
(which place, I regret to say, is by no
means safe) who turn out two or three
cords of money a day—good money, too.
Goes well. These bank-note engravers
made good wages. I expect they lay up
property. They are full of Union senti-
ment. There is considerable Union senti-
ment in Virginny, more specially among
the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley.
My wife says so too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we
do want *men*, and we must have them.
We must carry a whirlwind of fire among
the foe. We must crush the ungrateful
rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of
Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and
stabbin' her with stolen knives! We must
lick 'em quick. We must introduce a
large number of first-class funerals among
the people of the South. Betsy says so
too.

This war hain't been too well managed.
We all know that. What then? We are
all in the same boat—if the boat goes down,
we go down with her. Hence we must all
fight. It ain't no use to talk now about
who *caused* the war. That's played out.
The war is upon us—upon us all—and we
must all fight. We can't "reason the
matter with the foe." When, in the broad
glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jack-
ass boldly and maliciously kicks over a
peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him?
I guess not. And why "reason" with
those other Southern people who are tryin'
to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my
wife, says so too.

The meetin' broke up with enthusiasm.
We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can
help it.

III.

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

THE stoddent and connyseer must have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America, large yeller hanbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show, let me here obsarve, that contains many livin' wild animils, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

Them hanbills is sculpt in New York.

& I annoolly repair here to git some more or 'um;

&, bein' here, I tho't I'd issuo a Address to the public on matters and things.

Since last I meyandered these streets, I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtoo unimpaired, but I've got to git some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place, even durin' my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contemplate. The house in Varick street, where I used to Board, is bein' torn down. That house, which was rendered memoriable by my livin' into it, is "parsin' away! parsin' away!" But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sc'd to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin' on continerly. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empires is totterin'. & Dysentaries is crumblin'. These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane street, sculps my hanbills, & he's a artist. He studid in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my hanbills as fast as they're sculpt. You have

to watch these ere printers pretty close, for they're jest as apt to spel a wurd rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months, & what State do I find the country in? Why I don't know what State I find it in.

Suffice it to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find sum things that is cheerin', partic'ly the resolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin' furrin goods.

I never medle with my wife's things. She may wear mushn from Greenland's icy mountins, and bombazeen from I'nj'ys coral strand, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jump't into fabrics of domestic manufacture.

But, says sum folks, if you stop importin' things you stop the revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to smoke their livers as dry as a corncob with Cuby cigars because 4-sooth if they don't, it will hurt the Revenoo! This talk'bout the Revenoo is of the bosh, boshy. One thing is tol'bly certin—if we don't send gold out of the contry we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is doo the wimin for this patriotic move—and to tell the trooth, wimin genrally know what they're 'bout. Of all the blessins they're the soothinist. If there'd never bin any wimin, where would my children be to day?

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But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a general and therrer curtailment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin' ter'ibly extravagant, & onless we paws in our mad career, in less than two years the Goddess of Liberty will be seen dodgin' into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her head-band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly, like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do, if they warnt quite so honest! (Suttle goaketh.)

There air other cheerin' signs. We don't, for instuns, lack great Generals, and we certinly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikri-scope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

Gentlemen of the Sunit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin' the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and cave in the Emergency's head?

Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home!

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other day I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness, should not

delay about sendin' the money right on for one.

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimin who air goin' to abandin furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family gossip.

My reported captur by the North American savijis of Utah, led my wide circle of frinds and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthly things and was a angel playin' on a golden harp. Hents my rival home was onexpected.

It was 11, P. M., when I reached my homestid and knockt a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrustud itself out of the front chamber winder. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) And a voice said:

"Who is it?"

"It is a Man!" I answered in a gruff vois.

"I don't b'lieve it!" she sed.

"Then come down and search me," I replied.

Then resumin' my nat'ral voice, I said, 'It is your own A. W., Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!'

"Oh," she said, "it's you, is it? I thought I smelt something."

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin' I found that my family were entertainin a artist from Philadelphy, who was there paintin' some startlin' water-falls and mountains, and I morin suspected he had a hankerin' for my oldest dauter.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn, fater," sed my dauter.

"Glad to see you, Sir!" I replied in a hospittle vois. "Glad to see you."

"He is an artist, fater," said my child.

"A whichist?"

"An artist. A painter."

"And glazier," I askt. "Air you a painter and glazier, sir?"

My dauter and wife was mad, but I couldn't help it, I felt in a comikil mood.

"It is a wonder to me, Sir," said the artist, "considerin' what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," said I to my wife, "that somebody don't secure him with a chain."

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of the Bugle greeted me cordyully, and showed me the follerin' article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell-hounds of The Advertiser say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly-increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife

thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the Editor, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cock-eye."

A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says ee'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin' on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum object.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well too, tho' his prayer was ruther lengthy. The Editor of the Bugle, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares, soliu nonparil.

I don't think of nothin' more to write about. So, "B'leeve me if all those endearing young charms," &c., &c.

A. WARD.

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A. WARD.



An objeck who says he won't go to the war. See page 18.

IV.

IN CANADA.

I'm at present existin' under a monikal form of Gov'ment. In other words I'm i velin' among the crowned beds of Canady. They ain't pretty bad people. On the contr'y, they air exceedin' good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve moch moniky. I t a piece in Toronto, but failed to

Mrs. VIC, who is Queen of Eng-land, and has all the luxuries of the mar-kets, incloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mightier. She, how-ever, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a

lord, who's called a Gov'nor Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'nor Gin'ral of Canady is Lord MONCK. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence Gin'ral HALLECK walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

MONCK has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death and postage-stamps. But this has nothing to do with MONCK.

One of Lord MONCK's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin', Miss MONCK. Mrs. WARD will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intellect, which can grasp great questions at onct. I am not a WEBSTER or a SEYMOUR. I am not a WASHINGTON or a OLD ABE. Far from it. I am not as gifted a man as HENRY WARD BEECHER. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin'-House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slictest idee as to what the reveew was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, jentle reader, to Quebec. Quebec was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'lar. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'lar, but everywheres in gin'ral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill bein' a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebec is full of stone walls, and arches, and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebec, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd want to get in there for.

Quebec has seen lively times in a war-like way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. JIM WOLFE commanded the latters, and JO. MONTCALM the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But WOLFE was too many measles for MONTCALM, and the French was slew'd. WOLFE and MONTCALM was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebec, aided by a bully Earl named GEORGE DALHOUSIE, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the Revolutionary War B. ARNOLD made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebec, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. ARNOLD's funeral had come off immediatly on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin', and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occasion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a haasum thing by cartin' the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin' em to intelligent American toweristes. Takin' a per-fessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorfy character.

It reminded me of a inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger of

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HENRY WILKINS, the Boy Murderer. HENRY had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle EPHRAM, and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this stattoo was lost somehow, and not sposin' it would make any partieler difference, I sub-stitooted the full-grown stattoo of one of my distinguished piruts for the Boy Murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the stattoo, "this is a life-like wax figger of the notorious HENRY WILKINS, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle EPHRAM in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin' raurderers for nephews. When a mere child this HENRY WILKINS was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song-book. A depraved proceedin'."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you was here before your wax figger represented HENRY WILKINS as a boy. Now, HENRY was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man! How's that?"

"The figger has gro d, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it ha been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but choek full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin' over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't *I'm in favor of the Union as it wasn't*. But the Union anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, if you would be happy be virtuous! I, who am the emblem of virtue, tell you so.

(Signed,)

"A. WARD."

V.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

THE red man of the forest was form'ly a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aboorygine warrants me in sayin' that origgernerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time CHRIS. arrove on these shores (I allood to CHRIS. COLUMBUS), the savajis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage-stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female Aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whale-bone things; but in loose and flowin' garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us

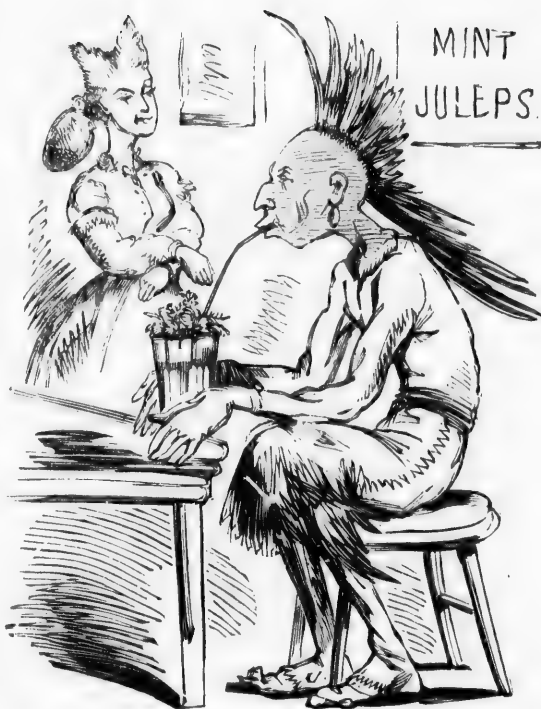
when CHRIS. sot his foot onto these 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the injins had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin' billers. For the savages owned the country, and COLUMBUS was a fillibuster. CORTEZ, PIZARRO, and WALKER were one-horse fillibusters—COLUMBUS was a four-horse team fillibuster, and a large yaller dog under the waggin. I say, in view of the mess we are makin' of things, it would have been better for us if COLUMBUS had staid to home. It would have been better for the show bisniss. The circulation of VANITY FAIR would be larger, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir, and perhaps a ten-pin alley.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin' that the scalpin' wretches who are in the injin bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, especially the Siouxes of Minnesoty, who desERVE to be murdered in the first degree, and if POPE will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em *himself*, I reckon they will be.

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Lo! The poor Red man and a "pretty waiter girl." See page 22.

VI.

THE SERENADE.

THINGS in our town is workin'. The canal boat "Lucy Ann" called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The "Lucy Ann" has adopted a new style of Binnakle light, in the shape of a red-headed gal who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphy to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he

might make a ffortin. "It's a novelty," I added, "and may startle 'em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt it."

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin'. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with a unexpected honor for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromptoo speech severil days beforehand, bein' very careful to ex-

punge all ingrammaticisms and payin' particular attention to the punktoocation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a manly effort but, alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitoen speakin' my piece over so as to be entirely perfeck. My blooming young daughter SARAH ANN bothered me sum-mut by singin', "Why do summer roses fade?"

"Because," said I, arter hearin' her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their biz! Let 'em fade."

"BETSY," said I, pausin' in the middle of the room and letting my eagle eye wander from the manuscript; "BETSY, on the night of this here serenade, I desires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white handkercher. Dy'e hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin' hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One bald-headed old fool will get his share."

She refer'd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin'.

The expected night cum. At 9 o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "WARD! WARD!" I stept out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summet mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown up persons evigently under the affluence of the intoxicatin' bole. The Band was also drunk. DR. SCHWAZEY, who was holdin' up a post, seemed to be partie'ly drunk—so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin' wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced:

"Feller Citizens: For this unexpected honor——"

Leader of the Band.—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you get through?

To this painful and disgustin' interruption I paid no attention.

"——for this unexpected honor I thank you."

Leader of the Band.—But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons.

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows:

"I say I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells——"

Dr. Schwazey.—So do I!

A voice.—We all do!

"——my heart swells——"

A voice.—Three cheers for the swells.

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious career!"

Dr. Schwazey.—I'm willin' for one to go on in a glorious career. Will you join me, fellow citizens, in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career, when he finds himself?

"DR. SCHWAZEY," said I sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin' the meetin'."

Dr. S.—Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhynossyross on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.

At this pint the Band begun to make hidious noises with their brass horns, and a exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin' it, when a upper winder suddenly opened, and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.

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VII.

A ROMANCE.—WILLIAM BARKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

I.

“No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position.”

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

“What! *you* here again?” angrily cried the old man.

“Ay, old man,” proudly exclaimed William Barker. “I am here, your daughter's equal and yours?”

The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried—

“See! Look on this wealth. And I've tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did

not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the—with beef——”

“Yes, yes!” eagerly exclaimed the old man.

“——and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find——”

“I see! I see!” cried the old man. “And good beef they make, too.”

“They do! they do! and the profits are immense.”

“I should say so!”

“And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand!”

“Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?”

“To the core!” cried William Barker.

“And,” continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, “are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?”

“I am, I am!”

“Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! and whatever our lot in life may be, *let us all support the Government!*”

VIII.

A ROMANCE—THE CONSCRIPT.

[Which may bother the reader a little unless he is familiar with the music of the day.]

CHAPTER I.

PHILANDER REED struggled with spool-thread and tape in a dry-goods store at Ogdensburgh, on the St. Lawrence River, State of New York. He rallied Round the Flag, Boys, and *Hailed* Columbia every time she passed that way. One day a regiment returning from the war Came Marching Along, bringing An Intelligent Contraband with them, who left the South about the time Babylon was a-Fallin', and when it was apparent to all well-ordered minds that the Kingdom was Coming, accompanied by the Day of Jubiloo. Philander left his spool-thread and tape, rushed into the street, and by his Long-Tail Blue, said, "Let me kiss him for his Mother." Then, with patriotic jocularity, he inquired, "How is your High Daddy in the Morning?" to which Pomp of Cudjo's Cave replied, "That poor Old Slave has gone to rest, we ne'er shall see him more! But U. S. G. is the man for me, or Any Other Man." Then he Walked Round.

"And your Master," said Philander, "where is he?"

"Massa's in the cold, cold ground—at least I hope so!" said the gay contraband.

"March on, March on! all hearts rejoice!" cried the Colonel, who was mounted on a Bob-tailed nag—on which, in times of Peace, my soul, O Peace! he had betted his money.

"Yaw," said a German Bold Sojer Boy, "we don't-fights-mit-Segel as much as we did."

The regiment marched on, and Philander betook himself to his mother's Cottage Near the Banks of that Lone River, and rehearsed the stirring speech he was to make that night at a war meeting.

"It's just before the battle, Mother," he said, "and I want to say something that will encourage Grant."

CHAPTER II.—MABEL.

Mabel Tucker was an orphan. Her father, Dan Tucker, was run over one day by a train of cars, though he needn't have been, for the kind-hearted engineer told him to Git Out of the Way.

Mabel early manifested a marked inclination for the millinery business, and at the time we introduce her to our readers she was Chief Engineer of a Millinery Shop and Boss of a Sewing Machine.

Philander Reed loved Mabel Tucker, and Ever of her was Fondly Dreaming; and she used to say, "Will you love me Then as Now!" to which he would answer that he would, and *without* the written consent of his parents.

She sat in the parlor of the Cot where she was Born, one Summer's eve, with pensive thought, when Somebody came Knocking at the Door. It was Philander. Fond Embrace and things. Thrilling emotions. P. very pale and shaky in the legs. Also, sweaty.

"Where hast thou been?" she said. "Hast been gathering shells from youth to age, and then leaving them like a che-eild to Why this tremors? Why these Sadfulness?"

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"Mabeyuel!" he cried, "Mabeyuel! They've Drafted me into the Army!"

An Orderly Sargeant now appears and says, "Come, Philander, let's be a marching;" and he tore her from his embrace (P's) and marched the conscript to the Examining Surgeon's office.

Mabel fainted in two places. It was worse than Brothers Fainting at the Door.

CHAPTER III.—THE CONSCRIPT.

Philander Reed hadn't three hundred dollars, being a dead-broken Reed, so he must either become one of the noble Band who are Coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more, or skeddadle across the St. Lawrence River to the Canada Line. As his opinions had recently undergone a radical change, he chose the latter course, and was soon Afloat, Afloat, on the swift-rolling tide. "Row, brothers, row," he cried, "the stream runs fast, the Sargeant is near, and the 'Zamination's past, and I'm a able-bodied man."

Landing, he at once imprinted a conservative kiss on the Canada Line, and feelingly asked himself, "Who will care for Mother now? But I propose to stick it out on this Line, if it takes all Summer."

CHAPTER IV.—THE MEETING.

It was evening, it was. The Star of the Evening, Beautiful Star, shone brilliantly, coloring the sky with those *Neutral* tints which have characterized all British skies ever since this War broke out.

Philander sat on the Canada Line, playing with his Yardstick, and perhaps about to take the measure of an unmade piece of calico; when Mabel, with a wild cry of joy, sprang from a small-boat to his side. The meeting was too much. They divided a good square faint between them this time. At last Philander found his utterance, and said, "Do they think of me at Home, do they ever think of me?"

"No," she replied, "but they do at the recruiting office."

"Ha! 'tis well."

"Nay, dearest," Mabel pleaded, "come home and go to the war like a man! I will take your place in the Dry Goods store. True, a musket is a little heavier than a yardstick, but isn't it a rather more manly weapon?"

"I don't see it," was Philander's reply; "besides this war isn't conducted according to the Constitution and Union. When it is—when it is, Mabeyuel, I will return and enlist as a Convalescent!"

"Then, Sir," she said, with much American disgust in her countenance, "then, sir, farewell!"

"Farewell!" he said, "and When this Cruel War is Over, pray that we may meet again!"

"Nary!" cried Mabel, her eyes flashing warm fire,—*"nary!"* None but the brave deserve the Sanitary Fair! A man who will desert his country in its hour of trial would drop Faro checks into the Contribution Box on Sunday. I ain't Got time to tarry—I hain't got time to stay!—but here's a gift at parting: a White Feather: wear it into your hat!" and She was gone from his gaze, like a beautiful dream.

Stung with remorse and mosquitoes, this miserable young man, in a fit of frenzy, unsheathed his glittering dry-goods scissors, cut off four yards (good measure) of the Canada Line, and hanged himself on a Willow Tree. *Requiescat in Tape.* His stick drifted to My Country 'tis of thee! and may be seen, in connexion with many others, on the stage of any New York theatre every night.

The Canadians won't have any line pretty soon. The skeddaddlers will steal it. Then the Canadians won't know whether they're in the United States or not, in which case they may be drafted.

Mabel married a Brigadier-General, and is happy.

IX.

A ROMANCE—ONLY A MECHANIC.

IN a sumptuously furnished parlor in Fifth Avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, ploughed many a sea.

By the side of Isabel Sawtelle, sat a young man with a clear, beautiful eye, and a massive brow.

"I must go," he said, "the foreman will wonder at my absence."

"The foreman?" asked Isabel in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work."

"Foreman—shop—work! What! do you work?"

"Aye, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" and his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked; "it is something about barrels, isn't it!"

"It is!" he said, with a flashing nostril.

"And hogsheads."

"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain—"go away!"

"Ha!" he cried, "you spurn me then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so, though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle," he added, and nothing could exceed his looks at this moment—"when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast off! Farewell!"

Years rolled on. Isabel Sawtelle married a miserable aristocrat, who recently died of delirium tremens. Her father failed, and is now a raving maniac, and wants to bite little children. All her brothers (except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddles clams that are stolen for her by little George, her only son that has his freedom. Isabel's sister Bianca rides an immortal spotted horse in the circus, her husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic.

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The Editor of "The Bugle" is interrupted by Betsey Jane and her female warriors. See page 11.

X.

BOSTON.

A. W. TO HIS WIFE.

DEAR BETSY: I write you this from Boston, "the Modern Atkins," as it is demonymunated, altho' I skurely know what those air. I'll give you a kursoory view of this city. I'll klassify the paragrafs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washington correspondents:

COPPS' HILL.

The winder of my room commands a

exileratin view of Copps' Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berrid. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin ded too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps bitturly because he haint got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan,
he is.

BUNKER HILL.

Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1776 a thrillin' dramy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts.

MR. FANUEL.

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the Cradel in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin' the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their business, Major-generally speaking, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'ly as in the old time.

THE COMMON.

It is here, as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins', is a onhappy Outcast in Naponisit.

THE LEGISLATUR.

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but some of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahed of the prevalin' stile, or ten years behind it—just as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American people of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin?

HARVARD COLLEGE.

This celebrated institootion of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I had a letter, yes'd'y by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at

Bowdoin College in Maine. He writes that he's a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtuered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Great American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin' Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple pesant child—skurce 15 Summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had some mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment, "knock em," but the old man was ullus a little given to slang). He put his withered han' tremblinly onto my hed, and went sadly into the hous. I thought I saw tears tricklin' down his venerable chin, but it might hav' been tobaccoer jooce. He chaw'd.

LITERATOOR.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, Betsy, is a reg'lar visitor to our westun home. I like it because it has got sense. It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the *Atlantic*, Betsy, understand their business. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin.

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT.

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "&

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this," I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!"

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards rasin' wheat t'ain't worth a dam. But hav' you seen the Grate Orgin?"

THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES.

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and, smilin' in a seductiv' manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of some boddy you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stelin' a Bar'l mackeril—he died there, so I conclood you ain't *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forget that it is sum time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin' of further int'rist took place on the cars except' a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

WILD GAME.

Altho' fur from the prahaories, there is abundans of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover and Props.

COMMON SKOOLS.

A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old partner, has a little son who has only bin to skoll two months, and

yet he exhibertid his father's performin' Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay partic'lar 'tention to Spelin' in these Skools, because if a man can't Spel wel he's of no 'kount.

SUMMIN' UP.

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it, Mr. Reveer, whose tavern I stop at, informed me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin' the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clearheadedest, comfortables cities on the globe. Onlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen d'on't seem to hav' bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and continnered applau's for Boston!

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

Kiss the children for me. What you telle me bout the Twins grieves me sorely. Whem I sent 'em that Toy Engine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a prematoor leamin' tords cussedness that alarms me. I send to Amelia Ann, our oldest dawter, sum new music, viz., "I am Lonely sints My Mother-in law Died"; 'Dear Mother, What t'ho' the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is withered now?' &c. These song writers, by the way, air doin' the Mother Business rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husban',

ARTEMUS WARD.

XI.

A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

THE morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a muletrain for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsey, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your

—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearests?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-lind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal—snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear Mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules!"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son—my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II.

FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she indiscreetly sent

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a boy to Bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria,

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at me, with your squint eyes."

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I as his first wife shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No you *won't*," said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's *my* business to strew!"

"You shan't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the Strew, much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been introduced to myself you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetuates a sob on my handkercher!" said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-

yard that he was on the Die, but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in *our* pockets, and no mistake! Excuse those real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelin's."

"It's an over-sight," sobbed Maria.

"Don't blame us!"

CHAPTER III.

DUST TO DUST.

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the solemnity of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty-a-breast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

* * * * *

That night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would nevermore linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would nevermore press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches—never, nevermore!

* * * * *

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without signifying, in any respect, where them mules went to!"

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen

—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?"—the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect

and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—Be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

"Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one!"

They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

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XII.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, VA., MAY—18 & 65.

OLONZO WARD.

AFORE I Comments this letter from the late rebel capitol I desire to simply say that I have seen a low and skurrius noat in the papers from a certain pusson who singes hisself olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did *once* have a berruther of that

name, but I do not recognise him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago, and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum, & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betraye'd his sex on account of his boots

& his Beard fallin' off his face, thus roonin' my prospecks in that town, & likewise incurrin' the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triffin' with the feelin's of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. I perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin' bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never know'd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revoloo-tion War. My father once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin' to pay him in the Fall, but Lafy said "he couldn't see it in those lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immejutly on my 'rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House, and callin' to my assistants a young man from our town who writes a good runnin' hand, I put my orthograph on the Register, and handin' my umbrella to a bald-hedded man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr. Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a cullud purson, and said,

"Show the gen'lman to the cowedard, and giv' him cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulyssis woudn't mind my turnin' in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Wall, no, not 'zakely; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought he rye meal of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal was

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and heshuv'd my umbrella onto the floor. Obsarvin' to him not to be so keerless with that wepin, I accompanid the African to my lodgins.

"My brother," I sed, "air you aware that you've bin 'mancipated? Do you realise how glorius it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreams, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show'd to the cowedard and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison. Tho' I should hav' slept comf'ble enuff if the bed-clothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin' the night, by a secoundrul who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my caverin', and my throat feels a little husky this mornin'.

Gin'ral Hulleck offers me the hospital-ity of the city, givin' me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox amboculance.

UNION SENTIMENT.

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and infloocentooal citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! we've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borrar'd five dollars of me, and bust into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standin and formerly a bitter rebuel), "Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he added, "you air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restau-rant, where he could go and make a very

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comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's bin a tremendous Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a daggerretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people."

JEFF. DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduct has been. Her captiv in female apparel confuses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frequent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller. He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't hav' draw'd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open Sabbath School for negro ministrrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others, leaves the Confederit Army in a urther shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules and a Bass drum, and it is movin rapidly to'rds Taxis.

A PROUD AND HAUGHTY SUTHERNER.

Feelin' a little peckish, I went into a eatin' house to-day, and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as

he did wear looked onhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, Sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he said sneeringly, "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of glothin' over a fallen people. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—never, never!"

"Hav' suithin' to eat?" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed furcely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee?"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'l you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenous. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin' crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little to-ards me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum people at the North who air not wholly loathsum beasts?"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav' now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-bluded scoundril. Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crooil war is over, and you're lickt! It's rather necessary for sumbody to lick in a good square, lively fite, and in this 'ere case it happens to the United States of America. You fit splended, but we was too many for you. Then make the best of it, & let us all give in and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren'. Fur from it. I'm an old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misten'd with suthin' very like tears. I'm thinkin' of the sea of good rich Blud that has been split on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin' of our widders and orfuns North, and of your'n in the South. I kin cry for both. B'leeve me, my young fren', I kin place my old

hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a venerble sinner like me kin say anythin', God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear."

I riz up to go, & takin' my yung Southern fren' kindly by the' hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern fellers is probly my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin' it! It's over now. Let us all jine in and

make a country on this continent that shall giv' all Europe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they look at ust Adoo, adoo!"

And as I am through, I'll likewise say adoo to you, jentle reader, merely remarkin' that the Star-Spangled Banner is wavin' round loose again, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slite cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.

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EMUS WARD.

XIII.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FRIEND WALES,—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marrige to the Printeis Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratulatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

Numeris changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the *Alabarmy*, manetanes a nootrol position!

I'm fraid I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess not!

Yes, Sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrificsses, you bet.

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifics my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as any body else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caused sum squirmin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, d'scape, but so did Vallandiggum, who is Conservativ, and who was resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the

Dry Tortoogus if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin' circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for 'em is a question for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin' up this draft bizniss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

I think most of the conscrips in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin' on their way at Concord, N. H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hittin' all sides; but no offense is ment. You know I ain't a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, however, to have a well-balanced mind; tho' my idees of a well-balanced mind differs from the idees of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Billson and me orjanized a strollin' dramatic company, & we played *The Drunkard*, or the *Falling Saved*, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take partiularly, and says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson,

you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outenst in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orches-try, and wishin' to expire to slow moosie, he died playin' on a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans, & such is the world! Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do biziniss!

But to return to our subjeck. With our resunt grate triumphs on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and them is waters no Father need feel 'shamed of—twig the wit-tikism?), and the cheerin' look of things in other places, I reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what upon airth do the people of Concord, N. H., want a Muslum of Harts for? Hain't you got the State House now? & what more do you want?

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeck in now addressin' you is to giv you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a biziniss I've had over thirty years experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in connexion tharewith. Not knowings what that air and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both very much frustrated. But I never enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can git half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any partieler trouble. When I first commenat trainin' her I institooted a series of experi-ments, and them as didn't work I aban-ding'd. You'd better do similar. Your wife may objeck to gittin' up and bildin' the fire in the mornin', but if you com-mence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejoodiss. I regret to obsearve that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires, that I didn't com-mence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions. I allus did, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. My daughter, who is goin' on 17 and is frisky, says they's dis-gustin. And speakin of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discovered that I'm a very entertainin' old feller, and they visit us frekently, specially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin' the proceedins of our State Legislater. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortunilly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ' reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a draw-bridge away orf in the east part of the State, havin' sent my daughter to bed at half-past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understand he says I go round swindlin' the Public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it agin.

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The miserable man once played Hamlet, and expired to slow music (produced by himself, as there was no orchestra). See page 40.

I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' several people's healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night, with consid'ble lieker concealed about my person. I had somehow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have eum, Betsy," I continued—crackin the whip over the bed—"I have eum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

* * * * *

I dream'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril conseckoo-tiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of any thin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old and has allus sustained a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toomstun! We hain't got any pieter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illustrated papers; but as she wasn't a

brigadier-gin'ral, particerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

It's best to give a woman consid'ble lee-way. But not too much. A naber of mine, Mr. Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the door yard while she was cleanin' house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin' vilently; but he said he wanted to give his wife "a little lee-way." That was 2 months. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer, when she said, "it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared," at the same time tossin him his mother's Bible. It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could, but I was a putty wet-nuss I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe

way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys are the only ones a man can bet on with any certinty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a peconery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the cours of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understan' my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respects to St. George & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy,"

A. WARD.

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A. WARD.

XIV.

AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

It isn't every one who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now. In the language of the duke who went round with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever garnished a melodrama, although I have not as yet danced on my village green as the melo-dramatic peasant usually does on his. It was the case when Rosina Meadows left home.

The time rolls by serenely now—so serenely that I don't care what time it is, which is fortunate, because my watch is at present in the hands of those "men of New York who are called rioters." We met by chance, the usual way—certainly not by appointment—and I brought the interview to a close with all possible despatch. Assuring them that I wasn't Mr. Greeley, particularly, and that he had never boarded in the private family where I enjoy the comforts of a home, I tendered them my watch, and begged they would distribute it judiciously among the labouring classes, as I had seen the rioters styled in certain public prints.

Why should I loiter feverishly in Broadway, stabbing the hissing hot air with the splendid gold-headed cane that was presented to me by the citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, as a slight testimonial of their esteem? Why broil in my rooms? You said to me, Mrs. Gloverson, when I took possession of those rooms, that no matter how warm it might be, a breeze had a way of blowing into them, and that they were,

withal, quite countryfied; but I am bound to say, Mrs. Gloverson, that there was nothing about them that ever reminded me, in the remotest degree, of daisies or new-mown hay. Thus, with sarcasm, do I smash the deceptive Gloverson.

Why stay in New York when I had a village green? I gave it up, the same as I would an intricate conundrum—and, in short, I am here.

Do I miss the glare and crash of the imperial thoroughfare? the milkman, the fiery, untamed omnibus horses, the soda fountains, Central Park, and those things? Yes, I do; and I can go on missing 'em for quite a spell, and enjoy it.

The village from which I write to you is small. It does not contain over forty houses, all told; but they are milk-white, with the greenest of blinds, and for the most part are shaded with beautiful elms and willows. To the right of us is a mountain—to the left a lake. The village nestles between. Of course it does. I never read a novel in my life in which the villages didn't nestle. Villages invariably nestle. It is a kind of way they have.

We are away from the cars. The iron-horse, as my little sister aptly remarks in her composition *On Nature*, is never heard to shriek in our midst; and on the whole I am glad of it.

The villagers are kindly people. They are rather incoherent on the subject of the war, but not more so, perhaps, than are people elsewhere. One citizen, who used to sustain a good character, subscribed for the *Weekly New York Herald*, a few

months since, and went to studying the military maps in that well-known journal for the fireside. I need not inform you that his intellect now totters, and he has mortgaged his farm. In a literary point of view we are rather bloodthirsty. A pamphlet edition of the life of a cheerful being, who slaughtered his wife and child, and then finished himself, is having an extensive sale just now.

We know little of Honoré de Balzac, and perhaps care less for Victor Hugo. M. Claës's grand search for the Absolute doesn't thrill us in the least; and Jean Valjean, gloomily picking his way through the sewers of Paris, with the spoony young man of the name of Marius upon his back, awakens no interest in our breasts. I say Jean Valjean picked his way gloomily, and I repeat it. No man, under those circumstances, could have skipped gaily. But this literary business, as the gentleman who married his colored chambermaid aptly observed, "is simply a matter of taste."

The store—I must not forget the store. It is an object of great interest to me. I usually encounter there, on sunny afternoons, an old Revolutionary soldier. You may possibly have read about "Another Revolutionary Soldier gone," but this is one who hasn't gone, and, moreover, one who doesn't manifest the slightest intention of going. He distinctly remembers Washington, of course; they all do; but what I wish to call special attention to, is the fact that this Revolutionary soldier is one hundred years old, that his eyes are so good that he can read fine print without spectacles—he never used them, by the way—and his mind is perfectly clear. He is a little shaky in one of his legs, but otherwise he is as active as most men of forty-five, and his general health is excellent. He uses no tobacco, but for the last twenty years he has drunk one glass of liquor every day—no more, no less. He says he must have his tod. I had begun to have lurking suspicious about this Revo-

lutionary soldier business, but here is an original Jacobs. But because a man can drink a glass of liquor a day, and live to be a hundred years old, my young readers must not infer that by drinking two glasses of liquor a day a man can live to be two hundred. "Which, I meaner say, it doesn't follor," as Joseph Gargery might observe.

This store, in which may constantly be found calico and nails, and fish, and tobacco in kegs, and snuff in bladders, is a venerable establishment. As long ago as 1814 it was an institution. The county troops, on their way to the defence of Portland, then menaced by British ships-of-war, were drawn up in front of this very store, and treated at the town's expense. Citizens will tell you how the clergyman refused to pray for the troops, because he considered the war an unholy one; and how a somewhat eccentric person, of dissolute habits, volunteered his services, stating that he once had an uncle who was a deacon, and he thought he could make a tolerable prayer, although it was rather out of his line; and how he prayed so long and absurdly that the Colonel ordered him under arrest, but that even while soldiers stood over him with gleaming bayonets, the reckless being sang a preposterous song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with its Ri-fol-lol-tid-dery-i-do; after which he howled dismally.

And speaking of the store, reminds me of a little story. The author of "several successful comedies" has been among us, and the store was anxious to know who the stranger was. And therefore the store asked him.

"What do you follow, sir?" respectfully enquired the tradesman.

"I occasionally write for the stage, 'sir.'"

"Oh!" returned the tradesman, in a confused manner.

"He means," said an honest villager, with a desire to help the puzzled tradesman out, "he means that he writes the handbills for the stage drivers!"

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I believe that story is new, although perhaps it is not of an uproariously mirthful character; but one hears stories at the store that are old enough, goodness knows—stories which, no doubt, diverted Methuselah in the sunny days of his giddy and thoughtless boyhood.

There is an exciting scene at the store occasionally. Yesterday an athletic peasant, in a state of beer, smashed in a counter and emptied two tubs of butter on the floor. His father, a white-haired old man, who was a little boy when the Revolutionary war closed, but who doesn't remember Washington *much*, came round in the evening and settled for the damages. "My son," he said, "has considerable originality." I will mention that this same son once told me that he could lick me with one arm tied behind him, and I was so thoroughly satisfied he could, that I told him he needn't mind going for a rope.

Sometimes I go a-visiting to a farmhouse, on which occasions the parlor is opened. The windows have been closed ever since the last visitor was there, and there is a dingy smell that I struggle as calmly as possible with, until I am led to the banquet of steaming hot biscuit and custard pie. If they would only let me sit in the dear old-fashioned kitchen, or on the door-stone—if they knew how dismally the new black furniture looked—but, never mind, I am not a reformer. No, I should rather think not.

Gloomy enough, this living on a farm, you perhaps say, in which case you are wrong. I can't exactly say that I pant to be an agriculturist, but I do know that in the main it is an independent, calmly happy sort of life. I can see how the prosperous farmer can go joyously a-field with the rise of the sun, and how his heart may swell with pride over bounteous harvests and sleek oxen. And it must be rather jolly for him on winter evenings to sit before the bright kitchen fire and watch his rosy boys and girls as they study out

the charades in the weekly paper, and gradually find out why my first is something that grows in a garden, and my second is a fish.

On the green hillside over yonder, there is a quivering of snowy drapery, and bright hair is flashing in the morning sunlight. It is recess, and the Seminary girls are running in the tall grass.

A goodly seminary to look at outsider certainly, although I am pained to learn, as I do on unprejudiced authority, that Mrs. Higgins, the Principal, is a tyrant, who seeks to crush the girls and trample upon them; but my sorrow is somewhat assuaged by learning that Skimmerhorn, the pianist, is perfectly splendid.

Looking at these girls reminds me that I too, was once young—and where are the friends of my youth? I have found one of 'em, certainly. I saw him ride in the circus the other day on a bareback horse, and even now his name stares at me from yonder board-fence, in green, and blue, and red, and yellow letters. Dashington, the youth with whom I used to read the able orations of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest—drives a fish-cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast, back into the interior. Hurbertson, the utterly stupid boy—the lunkhead, who never had his lesson—he's about the ablest lawyer a sister State can boast. Mills is a newspaper man, and is just now editing a Major-General down South.

Singlinson, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed and who was real good, and who was never rude—he is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor, and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his bread and butter with the beggar-man, is a failing merchant, and makes money by it. Tom Slink, who used to smoke short-

sixes, and get acquainted with the little circus boys, is popularly supposed to be the proprietor of a cheap gaming establishment in Boston, where the beautiful but uncertain prop is nightly tossed. Be sure, the Army is represented by many of the friends of my youth, the most of whom have given a good account of themselves. But Chalmerson hasn't done much. No, Chalmerson is rather of a failure. He plays on the guitar and sings love songs. Not that he is a bad man. A kinder-hearted creature never lived, and they say he hasn't yet got over crying for his little curly haired sister who died ever so long

ago. But he knows nothing about business, politics, the world, and those things. He is dull at trade,—indeed, it is a common remark that “everybody cheats Chalmerson.” He came to the party the other evening, and brought his guitar. They wouldn't have him for a tenor in the opera, certainly, for he is shaky in his upper notes; but if his simple melodies didn't gush straight from the heart, why were my trained eyes wet? And although some of the girls giggled, and some of the men seemed to pity him, I could not help fancying that poor Chalmerson was nearer heaven than any of us all!

Art

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DEAR SIR

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Artemus finds it pleasant strolling about his farm with dressing-gown and cigar. See page 48.

XV.

AGRICULTURE.

The Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual Fair, he wrote the President of that Society as follows:

NEW YORK, June, 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come.

Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of

my experience as an agriculturist will be acceptable; and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write to you through the Press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye, and oats; but as I hav'n't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbors told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lecturing."

These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep-raising.

I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gaily o'er the hillside. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grow up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, "We must have some shepherd dogs."

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said!

"We must Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago!"

I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-colored, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and chapely-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed:

"Waal! *did* you ever?"

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the green sward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat-distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their life-stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheep-ist, I was not a success.

Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass.

To me the new-mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold sings about it, in beautiful verse, down in Jersey every summer; so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of these men knows the price of a ton of hay to-day. But new-mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow, myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round where I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and terrible

gashes in the other.
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gashes in the other or not! But you, John—you are young."

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

"I mean that if you continner to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash h—— out of some of us before we're a hour older!"

There was some reason mingled with this white-haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "tha' know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag, and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"

"Oh no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say, "Mr. Brown

knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it!"

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown!

I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he *do-wood*. She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins is troubled no more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krows bein put up krows cum and digged first crop up but soon got nother in. Old Bisbee who was frade youd cut his sons leggs of Ses you bet go and stan up in feeld yrsel with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will keep away. this made Boys in store larf. no More terday from

"Yours

"respectful

"ELI PERKINS,

"his letter."

My friend Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, thinks if I "keep on," I will get in the poor house in about two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want me, I will come.

Truly Yours,

CHARLES F. BROWNE.

PART II.
TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK.

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I.

ON THE STEAMER.

New York, Oct. 13, 1863.

The steamer *Ariel* starts for California at noon.

Her decks are crowded with excited passengers, who insanely undertake to "look after" their trunks and things; and what with our smashing against each other, and the yells of the porters, and the wails over lost baggage, and the crash of boxes, and the roar of the boilers, we are for the time being about as unhappy a lot of maniacs as were ever thrown together.

I am one of them. I am rushing round with a glaring eye in search of a box.

Great jam, in which I find a sweet young lady, with golden hair, clinging to me fondly, and saying, "Dear George, farewell!"—Discovers her mistake and disappears.

I should like to be George some more.

Confusion so great that I seek refuge in a state-room which contains a single lady of forty-five summers, who says, "Base man! leave me!" I leave her.

By-and-by we cool down, and become somewhat ogulated.

Next Day.

When the gong sounds for breakfast we are fairly out on the sea, which runs roughly, and the *Ariel* rocks wildly. Many of the passengers are sick, and a young naval officer establishes a reputation as a wit by carrying to one of the invalids a plate of raw salt pork, swimming in cheap molasses. I am not sick; so I roll round the deck in the most cheerful sea-dog manner.

The next day and the next pass by in a serene manner. The waves are smooth now, and we can all eat and sleep. We might have enjoyed ourselves very well, I fancy, if the *Ariel*, whose capacity was about three hundred and fifty passengers, had not on this occasion carried nearly nine hundred, a hundred at least of whom were children of an unpleasant age. Captain Semmes captured the *Ariel* once, and it is to be deeply regretted that that thrifty buccaneer hadn't made mince-meat of her, because she is a miserable tub at best, and hasn't much more right to be afloat than a second-hand coffin has. I do not know her proprietor, Mr. C. Vanderbilt. But I know of several excellent mill privileges in the State of Maine, and not one of them is so thoroughly *Dam'd* as he was all the way from New York to Aspinwall.

I had far rather say a pleasant thing than a harsh one; but it is due to the large number of respectable ladies and gentlemen who were on board the steamer *Ariel* with me, that I state here that the accommodations on that steamer were very vile. If I did not so state, my conscience would sting me through life, and I should have horrid dreams like Richard III. Esq.

The proprietor apparently thought we were undergoing transportation for life to some lonely island, and the very waiters who brought us meats that any warden of any penitentiary would blush to offer convicts, seemed to think it was a glaring error our not being in chains.

As a specimen of the liberal manner in which this steamer was managed I will mention that the purser (a very pleasant

person, by the way) was made to unite the positions of purser, baggage clerk, and doctor; and I one day had a lurking suspicion that he was among the waiters in the dining-cabin, disguised in a white jacket and slipshod pumps.

I have spoken my piece about the Ariel, and I hope Mr. Vanderbilt will reform ere it is too late. Dr. Watts says the vilest

sinner may return as long as the gas-meters work well, or words to that effect.

We were so densely crowded on board the Ariel that I cannot conscientiously say we were altogether happy. And sea-voyages at best are a little stupid. On the whole I should prefer a voyage on the Erie Canal, where there isn't any danger, and where you can carry picturesque scenery along with you—so to speak.

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An inebriated Californian miner desires to be an angel, and with the angels stand.—See page 56.

II.

THE ISTHMUS.

On the ninth day we reach Aspinwall in the Republic of Grenada. The President of New Grenada is a Central American named Mosquero. I was told that he derived quite a portion of his income by carrying passengers' valises and things from the steamer to the hotels in Aspinwall. It was an infamous falsehood. Fancy A. Lincoln carrying carpet-bags and things! and indeed I should rather trust him with them than Mosquero, because the former gentleman, as I think some one has before observed, is "honest."

I intrust my bag to a speckled native, who confidentially gives me to understand that he is the only strictly honest person in Aspinwall. The rest, he says, are niggers—which the colored people of the isthmus regard as about as schating a thing as they can say of one another.

I examine the New Grenadian flag, which waves from the chamber-window of a refreshment saloon. It is of simple design. You can make one.

Take half of a cotton shirt, that has been worn two months, and dip it in molasses of

the day & Martin brand. Then let the flies gambol over it for a few days, and you have it. It is an emblem of Sweet Liberty.

At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cot, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz.

We have a quadrille, in which an English person slips up and jams his massive brow against my stomach. He apologizes, and I say, "all right, my lord." I subsequently ascertained that he superintended the shipping of coals for the British steamers, and owned fighting cocks.

The ball stops suddenly.

Great excitement: One of our passengers intoxicated and riotous in the street. Openly and avowedly desires the entire Republic of New Grenada to "come on."

In case they do come on, agrees to make it lively for them. Is quieted down at last, and marched off to prison, by a squad of Grenadian troops. Is musical as he passes the hotel, and smiling sweetly upon the ladies and children on the balcony, expresses a distinct desire to be an Angel, and with the Angels stand. After which he leaps nimbly into the air, and imitates the war-cry of the red man.

The natives amass wealth by carrying valises, &c., then squander it for liquor. My native comes to me as I sit on the veranda of the Howard House smoking a cigar, and solicits the job of taking my things to the cars next morning. He is intoxicated, and has been fighting, to the palpable detriment of his wearing apparel; for he has only a pair of tattered pantaloons and a very small quantity of shirt left.

We go to bed. Eight of us are assigned to a small den up-stairs, with only two lame apologies for beds.

Mosquitoes and even rats annoy us fear-

fully. One bold rat gnaws at the feet of a young Englishman in the party. This was more than the young Englishman could stand, and rising from his bed he asked us if New Grenada wasn't a Republic? We said it was. "I thought so," he said.

"Of course I mean no disrespect to the United States of America in the remark, but I think I prefer a bloated monarchy!" He smiled sadly—then handing his purse and his mother's photograph to another English person, he whispered softly, "If I am eaten up, give them to Me mother—tell her I died like a true Briton, with no faith whatever in the success of a republican form of government! And then he crept back to bed again.

We start at seven the next morning for Panama.

My native comes bright and early to transport my carpet sack to the railway station. His clothes have suffered still more during the night, for he comes to me now dressed only in a small rag and one boot.

At last we are off. "Adios, Americanos," the natives cry; to which I pleasantly reply, "*Adous* / and long may it be before you have a chance to Do us again."

The cars are comfortable on the Panama railway, and the country through which we pass is very beautiful. But it will not do to trust it much, because it breeds fevers and other unpleasant disorders, at all seasons of the year. Like a girl we most all have known, the Isthmus is fair but false.

There are mud huts all along the route, and half naked savages gaze patronizingly upon us from their door-ways. An elderly lady in spectacles appears to be much scandalized by the scant dress of these people, and wants to know why the select men don't put stop to it. From this, and a remark she incidentally makes about her son who has invented a washing machine which will wash, wring, and dry a shirt in ten minutes,

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I infer that she is from the hills of Old New England, like the Hutchinson family.

of me, shedding tears as he put it in his pocket.

The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a Revolution. When his feet begin to swell, and there are premonitory symptoms of gout, he "revolushes" a spell, and then serenely returns to his cigarette and hammock under the palm trees.

These Central American Republics are queer concerns. I do not of course precisely know what a last year's calf's ideas of immortal glory may be, but probably they are about as lucid as those of a Central American in regard to a republican form of government.

And yet I am told they are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa Rican, on board the *Ariel*. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars

At Panama we lost several of our passengers, and among them three Peruvian ladies, who go to Lima, the city of volcanic irruptions and veiled black eyed beauties.

The *Senoritas* who leaves us at Panama are splendid creatures. They learned me Spanish, and in the soft moonlight we walked on deck and talked of the land of Pizarro. (You know old Piz. conquered Peru! and although he was not educated at West Point, he had still some military talent.) I feel as though I had lost all my relations, including my grandmother and the cooking stove, when these gay young *Senoritas* go away.

They do not go to Peru on a Peruvian bark, but on an English steamer.

We find the *St. Louis*, the steamer awaiting us at Panama, a cheerful and well appointed boat, and commanded by Capt. Hudson.

III.

MEXICO.

WE make Acapulco, a Mexican coast town of some importance, in a few days, and all go ashore.

The pretty peasant girls peddle necklaces made of shells, and oranges, in the streets of Acapulco, on steamer days. They are quite naive about it. Handing you a necklace they will say, "Me give you *pres-ent*, Senor," and then retire with a low curtsy. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say quite sweetly, "You give me *pres-ent*, Senor, of quarter dollar!" which you at once do, unless you have a heart of stone.

Acapulco was shelled by the French a year or so before our arrival there, and they effected a landing. But the gay and gallant Mexicans peppered them so persistently and effectually from the mountains nearby, that they concluded to sell out and leave.

Napoleon has no right in Mexico. Mexico may deserve a licking. That is possible enough. Most people do. But nobody has any right to lick Mexico but the United States. We have a right, I flatter myself, to lick this entire continent, including ourselves, any time we want to.

The signal gun is fired at 11, and we go off to the steamer in small boats.

In our boat is an inebriated United States official, who flings his spectacles overboard, and sings a flippant and absurd song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with his ridiculous-lol-tiddery-i-do. After which he crumb-

les, in an incomprehensible manner, into the bottom of the boat, and howls dismally.

We reach Manzanillo, another coast place, twenty-four hours after leaving Acapulco. Manzanillo is a little Mexican village, and looked very wretched indeed, sweltering away there on the hot sands. But it is a port of some importance nevertheless, because a great deal of merchandise finds its way to the interior from there. The white and green flag of Mexico floats from a red steam tug (the navy of Mexico, by the way, consists of two tugs, a disabled raft, and a basswood life-preserver) and the Captain of the Port comes off to us in his small boat, climbs up the side of the *St. Louis*, and folds the healthy form of Captain Hudson to his breast. There is no wharf here, and we have to anchor off the town.

There was a wharf, but the enterprising Mexican peasantry, who subsist by poling merchandise ashore in dug-outs, indignantly tore it up. We take on here some young Mexicans, from Colima, who are going to California. They are of the better class, and one young man (who was educated in Madrid) speaks English rather better than I write it. Be careful not to admire any article of an educated Mexican's dress, because if you do he will take it right off and give it to you, and sometimes this might be awkward.

I said: "What a beautiful cravat you wear!"

"It is yours!" he exclaimed, quickly unbuckling it; and I could not induce him to take it back again.

I am glad I did not tell his sister, who

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was with him, and with whom I was lucky enough to get acquainted, what a beautiful white hand she had. She might have given it to me on the spot; and that, as she had soft eyes, a queenly form, and a half million or so in her own right, would have made me feel bad.

Reports reach us here of high-handed robberies by the banditti all along the road to the City of Mexico. They steal clothes as well as coin. A few days since the mail coach entered the city with all the passengers stark-naked!" They must have felt mortified.

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IV.

CALIFORNIA.

WE reach San Francisco one Sunday afternoon. I am driven to the Occidental Hotel by a kind-hearted hackman, who states that inasmuch as I have come out there to amuse people, he will only charge me five dollars. I pay it in gold, of course, because greenbacks are not current on the Pacific coast.

Many of the citizens of San Francisco remember the Sabbath day to keep it jolly; and the theatres, the circus, the minstrels, and the music halls are all in full blast to-night.

I "compromise" and go to the Chinese theatre, thinking perhaps there can be no great harm in listening to worldly sentiments when expressed in a language I don't understand.

The Chinaman at the door takes my ticket with the remark, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!"

And I tell him that on the whole I think he is right.

The Chinese play is "continued," like a Ledger story, from night to night. It commences with the birth of the hero or heroine, which interesting event occurs publicly on the stage; and then follows him or her down to the grave, where it cheerfully ends.

Sometimes a Chinese play lasts six months. The play I am speaking of had been going on for about two months. The heroine had grown up into womanhood, and was on the point, as I inferred, of being married to a young Chinaman in spangled pantaloons and a long black tail. The bride's father comes in with his arms full of tea chests, and bestows them, with his blessing, upon the happy couple. As this play is to run four

months longer, however, and as my time is limited, I go away at the close of the second act, while the orchestra is performing an overture on gongs and one-stringed fiddles.

The door-keeper again says, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!" adding, this time however, "Chow-wow." I agree with him in regard to the ki hi and hi ki, but tell him I don't feel altogether certain about the chow-wow.

To Stockton from San Francisco.

Stockton is a beautiful town, that has ceased to think of becoming a very large place, and has quietly settled down into a state of serene prosperity. I have my boots repaired here by an artist who informs me that he studied in the penitentiary; and I visit the lunatic asylum, where I encounter a vivacious maniac who invites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros.

John Phoenix was once stationed at Stockton, and put his mother aboard the San Francisco boat one morning with the sparkling remark, "Dear mother, be virtuous and you will be happy!"

Forward to Sacramento—which is the capital of the State, and a very nice old town.

They had a flood here some years ago, during which several blocks of buildings sailed out of town and have never been heard from since. A Chinaman concluded to leave in a wash-tub, and actually set sail in one of those fragile barks. A drowning man hailed him piteously, thus: "Throw me a rope, oh throw me a rope!" To which the Chinaman excitedly cried, "No have got—how can do?" and went on, on with

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the howling current. He was never seen more; but a few weeks after his tail was found by some Sabbath-school children in the north part of the State.

I go to the mountain towns. The sensational mining days are over, but I find the people jolly and hospitable nevertheless.

At Nevada I am called upon, shortly after my arrival, by an athletic scarlet-faced man, who politely says his name is Blaze.

"I have a little bill against you, sir," he observes.

"A bill—what for?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks?"

"Yes sir—at my bar, I keep the well known and highly-respected coffee-house down street."

"But, my dear sir, there is a mistake—I never drank at your bar in my life."

"I know it, sir. That isn't the point. The point is this: I pay out money for good liquors, and it is people's own fault if they don't drink them. There are the liquors—do as you please about drinking them, *but you must pay for them!* Isn't that fair?"

His enormous body (which Puck wouldn't put a girdle round for forty dollars) shook gleefully while I read this eminently original bill.

Years ago Mr. Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company. There was a formidable and well organized opposition to the California Stage Company at that time, and Mr. Blaze rendered them such signal service in his capacity of agent that they were very sorry when he tendered his resignation.

"You are some sixteen hundred dollars behind in your accounts, Mr. Blaze," said the President, "but in view of your faithful and efficient services, we shall throw off eight hundred dollars of that amount."

Mr. Blaze seemed touched by this generosity. A tear stood in his eye and his bosom throbbed audibly.

"You *will* throw off eight hundred dollars—you *will*?" he at last cried, seizing the President's hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

"I will," returned the President.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Blaze, "I'm a gentleman, *I am*, you bet! And I won't allow no Stage Company to surpass me in politeness. *I'll throw off the other eight hundred dollars, and we'll call it square!* No gratitude, sir—no thanks; it is my duty."

I get back to San Francisco in a few weeks, and am to start home Overland from here.

The distance from Sacramento to Atchison, Kansas, by the Overland stage route, is twenty-two hundred miles, but you can happily accomplish a part of the journey by railroad. The Pacific railroad is completed twelve miles to Folsom, leaving only two thousand and one hundred and eighty-eight miles to go by stage. This breaks the monotony; but as it is midwinter, and as there are well substantiated reports of Overland passengers freezing to death, and of the Piute savages being in one of their sprightly moods when they scalp people, I do not—I may say that I do not leave the Capital of California in a light-hearted and joyous manner. But "leaves have their time to fall," and I have my time to leave, which is now.

We ride all day and all night, and ascend and descend some of the most frightful hills I ever saw. We make Johnson's Pass, which is 6752 feet high, about two o'clock in the morning, and go down the great Kingsbury grade with locked wheels. The driver, with whom I sit outside, informs me, as we slowly roll down this fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time, and cost the California stage company a great deal of money; "because," he says "juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues

us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with *me*, you bet."

"How is that?" I said.

It was frightfully dark. It was snowing withal, and notwithstanding the brakes were kept hard down, the coach slewed wildly, often fairly touching the brink of the black precipice.

"How is that?" I said.

"Why, you see," he replied, "that

corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have a overturn I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it."

Thus with anecdote did this driver cheer me up.

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V.

WASHOE.

We reach Carson City about nine o'clock in the morning. It is the capital of the Silver-producing territory of Nevada.

They shoot folks here somewhat, and the law is rather partial than otherwise to first-class murderers.

I visit the territorial Prison, and the Warden points out the prominent convicts to me, thus:

"This man's crime was horse-stealing. He is here for life.

"This man is in for murder. He is here for three years."

But shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a grave-yard. "A feeling of remorse," he said, "sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for over two weeks! What'll yer poison yourself with?" he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

There used to live near Carson City a notorious desperado, who never visited town without killing somebody. He would call for liquor at some drinking-house, and if anybody declined joining him he would at once commence shooting. But one day he shot a man too many. Going into the St. Nicholas drinking-house he asked the Company present to join him in a North American drink. One individual was rash enough to refuse. With a look of sorrow rather than of anger the desperado revealed his revolver, and said, "Good God! *Must* I kill a man every time I come to Carson?"

and so saying he fired and killed the individual on the spot. But this was the last murder the bloodthirsty miscreant ever committed, for the aroused citizens pursued him with rifles and shot him down in his own door-yard.

I lecture in the theatre at Carson, which opens out of a drinking and gambling house. On each side of the door where my ticket-taker stands there are montè-boards and sweat-cloths, but they are deserted to-night, the gamblers being evidently of a literary turn of mind.

Five years ago there was only a pony-path over the precipitous hills on which now stands the marvellous city of Virginia, with its population of twelve thousand persons and perhaps more. Virginia, with its stately warehouses and gay shops; its splendid streets, paved with silver ore; its banking houses and faro-banks; its attractive coffee-houses and elegant theatre; its music halls and its three daily newspapers.

Virginia is very wild, but I believe it is now pretty generally believed that a mining city must go through with a certain amount of unadulterated cussedness before it can settle down and behave itself in a conservative and seemly manner. Virginia has grown up in the heart of the richest silver regions in the world, the El Dorado of the hour; and of the immense numbers who are swarming thither not more than half carry their mother's Bible or any settled religion with them. The gambler and the strange

woman as naturally seek the new sensational town as ducks take to that element which is so useful for making cocktails and bathing one's feet; and these people make the new town rather warm for awhile. But by-and-by the earnest and honest citizens get tired of this ungodly nonsense, and organize a Vigilance Committee, which hangs the more vicious of the pestiferous crowd to a sour apple-tree; and then come good municipal laws, ministers, meeting-houses, and a tolerably sober police in blue coats with brass buttons. About five thousand able-bodied men are in the mines underground here; some as far down as five hundred feet. The Gould & Curry Mine employs nine hundred men, and annually turns out about twenty million dollars worth of "demnition gold and silver," as Mr. Mantalini might express it—though silver chiefly.

There are many other mines here and at Gold-Hill (another startling silver city, a mile from here), all of which do nearly as well. The silver is melted down into bricks of the size of common house bricks; then it is loaded into huge wagons, each drawn by eight and twelve mules, and sent off to San Francisco. To a young person fresh from the land of green-backs this careless manner of carting off solid silver is rather of a startler. It is related that a young man who came Overland from New Hampshire a few months before my arrival became so excited about it that he fell in a fit, with the name of his Uncle Amos on his lips. The hardy miners supposed he wanted his uncle there to see the great sight, and faint with him. But this was pure conjecture after all.

I visit several of the adjacent mining towns, but I do not go to Aurora. No I think not. A lecturer on psychology was killed there the other night by the playful discharge of a horse-pistol in the hands of a degenerate and intoxicated Spaniard. This circumstance and a rumor that the citizens are *agin* literature, induce me to go back to Virginia.

I had pointed out to me at a Restaurant a man who had killed four men in street broils, and who had that very day cut his own brother's breast open in a dangerous manner with a small supper knife. He was a gentleman, however. I heard him tell some men so. He admitted it himself. And I don't think he would lie about a little thing like that.

The theatre at Virginia will attract the attention of the stranger, because it is an unusually elegant affair of the kind, and would be so regarded anywhere. It was built, of course, by Mr. Thomas Maguire, the Napoleonic manager of the Pacific, and who has built over twenty theatres in his time, and will perhaps build as many more, unless somebody stops him—which, by the way, will not be a remarkably easy thing to do.

As soon as a mining camp begins to assume the proportions of a city; at about the time the whisky vender draws his cork, or the gambler spreads his green cloth, Maguire opens a theatre, and with a hastily-organized "Vigilance Committee" of actors, commences to execute Shakespeare.

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VI.

MR. PEPPER.

My arrival at Virginia City was signalized by the following incident :

I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel than I was called upon by an intoxicated man, who said he was an Editor. Knowing how rare it was for an Editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said :

"What name?"

"Wait!" he said, and went out.

I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside.

In ten minutes he returned, and said :

"Pepper!"

Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it; and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away.

I had often heard of a man being "so drunk that he didn't know what town he lived in," but here was a man so hideously inebriated that he didn't know what his name was.

I saw him no more, but I heard from him. For he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said I had *a dissipated air!*

VII.

HORACE GREELEY'S RIDE TO PLACERVILLE.

WHEN Mr. Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which has greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be feted at 7 o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, this great man must be there by 7 to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

"The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I *must* be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter, I *must* be there at 7!"

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr.

Greeley chafed away another half hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we are going!"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed. Crack, crack! went the whip, and again "that voice" split the air. "Git up! Hi yi! G'long! Yip—yip!"

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an india-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said:

"Do—on't—on't—on't you—u—u think we—e—e—e shall get there by seven if we do—on't—on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head "might have been seen" at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—care—air if we *don't* get there at seven!"

"I have got my orders!" Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

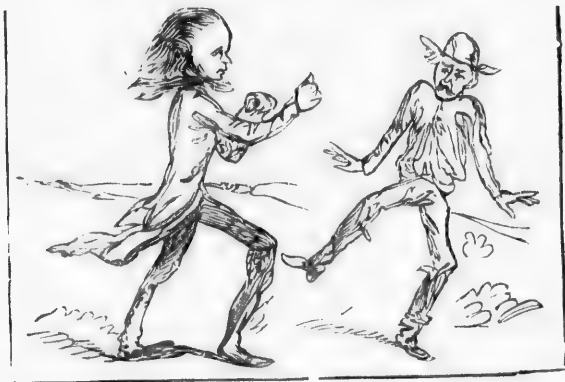
"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all!"

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Horace Greeley's gay and festive adventures on the overland route from California.—See page 65.

Californy Stage Company, *I* do. That's wot *I* work for. They said, 'git this man through by seving.' An' this man's goin' through. You bet! Gerlong! Whoo-up!"

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop, you —— maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk:

"I've got my orders! *Keep your seat, Horace!*"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come

out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"*He was a few miles back!*" said Mr. Monk; "yes," he added, after looking

down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coachroof—"yes, I can see him! He is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the Chairman of the Committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir——why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follers: Git him there by seving! It wants a quarter to seving. Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the Committee-man, seizing the off leader by the reins—"Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir!"

"*I've got my orders!*" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'git him there by seving!' Let go them lines! Clear the way there!"

Whoo-op! **KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE!**" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence grey-haired men, who were little boys in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach-roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for awhile; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a bran new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

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VIII.

TO REESE RIVER.

I LEAVE Virginia for Great Salt Lake City, via the Reese River Silver Diggings.

There are eight passengers of us inside the coach—which, by the way, isn't a coach, but a Concord covered mud wagon.

Among the passengers is a genial man of the name of Ryder, who has achieved a wide spread reputation as a strangler of unpleasant bears in the mountain fastnesses of California, and who is now an eminent Reese River miner.

We ride night and day, passing through the land of the Piute Indians. Reports reach us that fifteen hundred of these savages are on the Rampage, under the command of a red usurper named Buffalo-Jim, who seems to be a sort of Jeff Davis, inasmuch as he and his followers have seceded from the regular Piute organization. The seceding savages have announced that they shall kill and scalp all pale-faces (which makes our faces pale, I reckon) found loose in that section. We find the guard doubled at all the stations where we change horses, and our passengers nervously examine their pistols and readjust the long glittering knives in their belts. I feel in my pockets to see if the key which unlocks the carpet-bag containing my revolvers is all right—for I had rather brilliantly locked my deadly weapons up in that article, which was strapped with the other baggage to the rack behind. The passengers frown on me for this carelessness, but the kind-hearted Ryder gives me a small double-barrelled gun, with which I narrowly escape murdering my beloved friend Hingston in cold blood. I am not used to guns and things, and in changing the position of this weapon I

pulled the trigger rather harder than was necessary.

When this wicked rebellion first broke out I was among the first to stay at home—chiefly because of my utter ignorance of firearms. I should be valuable to the Army as a Brigadier-General only so far as the moral influence of my name went.

However, we pass safely through the land of the Piutes, unmolested by Buffalo James. This celebrated savage can read and write, and is quite an orator, like Metamora, or the last of the Wampanoags. He went on to Washington a few years ago, and called Mr. Buchanan his Great Father, and the members of the Cabinet his dear Brothers. They gave him a great many blankets, and he returned to his beautiful hunting grounds and went to killing stage-drivers. He made such a fine impression upon Mr. Buchanan during his sojourn in Washington that that statesman gave a young English tourist, who crossed the plains a few years since, a letter of introduction to him. The great Indian chief read the English person's letter with considerable emotion, and then ordered him scalped, and stole his trunks.

Mr. Ryder knows me only as "Mr. Brown," and he refreshes me during the journey by quotations from my books and lectures.

"Never seen Ward?" he said.

"Oh no."

"Ward says he likes little girls, but he likes large girls just as well. Haw, haw haw! I should like to see the d——fool!"

He referred to me.

He even woke me up in the middle of the night to tell me one of Ward's jokes.

I lecture at Big Creek.

Big Creek is a straggling, wild little village; and the house in which I had the honor of speaking a piece had no other floor than the bare earth. The roof was of sage brush. At one end of the building a huge wood fire blazed, which, with half-a-dozen tallow-candles, afforded all the illumination desired. The lecturer spoke from behind the drinking bar. Behind him long rows of decanters glistened; above him hung pictures of race-horses and prize-fighters; and beside him, in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing a cheerful smile, stood the bar-keeper. My speeches at the Bar before this had been of an elegant character, perhaps, but quite brief. They never extended beyond "I don't care if I do," "No sugar in mine," and short gems of a like character.

I had a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased, the bar-keeper especially; for at the close of any "point" that I sought to make, he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist and

exclaim, "Good boy from the New England States! listen to William W. Shakespeare!"

Back to Austin. We lose our way, and hitching our horses to a tree, go in search of some human beings. The night is very dark. We soon stumble upon a camp-fire, and an unpleasantly modulated voice asks us to say our prayers, adding that we are on the point of going to Glory with our boots on. I think perhaps there may be some truth in this, as the mouth of a horse-pistol almost grazes my forehead, while immediately behind the butt of that death-dealing weapon I perceive a large man with black whiskers. Other large men begin to assemble, also with horse-pistols. Dr. Hingston hastily explains, while I go back to the carriage to say my prayers, where there is more room. The men were miners on a prospecting tour, and as we advanced upon them without sending them word they took us for highway robbers.

I must not forget to say that my brave and kind-hearted friend Ryder, of the mail coach, who had so often alluded to "Ward" in our ride from Virginia to Austin, was among my hearers at Big Creek. He had discovered who I was, and informed me that he had debated whether to wollop me or give me some rich silver claims..

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IX.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

How was I to be greeted by the Mormons? That was rather an exciting question with me. I had been told on the plains that a certain humorous sketch of mine (written some years before) had greatly incensed the Saints, and a copy of the Sacramento *Union* newspaper had a few days before fallen into my hands, in which a Salt Lake correspondent quite clearly intimated that my reception at the new Zion might be unpleasantly warm. I ate my dinner moodily and sent out for some cigars. The venerable clerk brought me six. They cost only two dollars. They were procured at a store near by. The Salt Lake House sells neither cigars nor liquors.

I smoke in my room, having no heart to mingle with the people in the office.

Dr. Hingston "thanks God he never wrote against the Mormons," and goes out in search of a brother Englishman. Comes back at night and says there is a prejudice against me. Advises me to keep in. Has heard that the Mormons thirst for my blood and are on the look out for me.

Under these circumstances I keep in.

The next day is Sunday, and we go to the Tabernacle, in the morning. The Tabernacle is located on ——— street, and is a long rakish building of adobe, capable of seating some twenty-five hundred persons. There is a wide platform and a rather large pulpit at one end of the building, and at the other end is another platform for the choir. A young Irishman of the name of Sloan preaches a sensible sort of discourse, to which a Presbyterian could hardly have objected. Last night this same Mr. Sloan enacted a character in a rollicking Irish

farce at the theatre! And he played it well, I was told: not so well of course as the great Dan Bryant could, but I fancy he was more at home in the Mormon pulpit than Daniel would have been.

The Mormons, by the way, are preeminent-ly an amusement-loving people, and the Elders pray for the success of their theatre with as much earnestness as they pray for anything else. The congregation doesn't startle us. It is known, I fancy, that the heads of the church are to be absent to-day, and the attendance is slim. There are no ravishingly beautiful women present, and no positively ugly ones. The men are fair to middling. They will never be slain in cold blood for their beauty, nor shut up in jail for their homeliness.

There are some good voices in the choir to-day, but the orchestral accompaniment is unusually slight. Sometimes they introduce a full brass and string band in Church. Brigham Young says the devil has monopolized the good music long enough, and it is high time the Lord had a portion of it. Therefore trombones are tooted on Sundays in Utah as well as on other days; and there are some splendid musicians there. The orchestra in Brigham Young's theatre is quite equal to any in Broadway. There is a youth in Salt Lake City (I forget his name) who plays the cornet like a North American angel.

Mr. Stenhouse relieves me of any anxiety I had felt in regard to having my swan-like throat cut by the Danites, but thinks my wholesale denunciation of a people I had never seen was rather hasty. The following is the paragraph to which the Saints

objected. It occurs in an "Artemus Ward" paper on Brigham Young, written some years ago :

"I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packed up my duds and left Salt Lake which is a 2:1 Soddum and Germorer, inhabited by as theavin' & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe."

I had forgotten all about this, and as Elder Stenhouse read it to me "my feelings may be better imagined than described," to use language I think I have heard before. I pleaded, however, that it was a purely burlesque sketch, and that this strong paragraph should not be interpreted literally at all. The elder didn't seem to see it in that light, but we parted pleasantly.

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X.

THE MOUNTAIN FEVER.

I go back to my hotel and go to bed, and I do not get up again for two weary weeks. I have the mountain fever (so called in Utah though it closely resembles the old style, typhus) and in my case is pronounced dangerous. I don't regard it so. I don't in fact regard anything. I am all right *myself*. My poor Hingston shakes his head sadly, and Dr. Williamson, from Camp Douglas, pours all kinds of bitter stuff down my throat. I drink his health in a dose of the cheerful beverage known as jalap, and thresh the sheets with my hot hands. I address large assemblages, who have somehow got into my room, and I charge Dr. Williamson with the murder of Luce, and Mr. Irwin the actor with the murder of Shakspeare. I have a lucid spell now and then, in one of which James Townsend, the landlord, enters. He whispers, but I hear what he says far too distinctly: "This man can have anything and everything he wants; but I'm no hand for a sick room. *I never could see anybody die.*"

That was cheering, I thought. The noble Californian, Jerome Davis—he of the celebrated ranch—sticks by me like a twin brother, although I fear that in my hot frenzy I more than once anathematized his kindly eyes. Nurses and watchers, Gentile and Mormon, volunteer their service in hoops, and rare wines are sent to me from all over the city, which if I can't drink, the venerable and Excellent Thomas can easy.

I lay there in this wild broiling way for nearly two weeks, when one morning I woke up with my head clear and an immense plaster on my stomach. The plaster had

operated. I was so raw that I could by no means say to Dr. Williamson, *Well done*, thou good and faithful servant. I wished he had lathered me before he plastered me. I was fearfully weak. I was frightfully thin. With either one of my legs you could have cleaned the stem of a meerschaum pipe. My backbone had the appearance of a clothesline with a quantity of English walnuts strung upon it.

My face was almost gone. My nose was so sharp that I didn't dare stick it into other people's business for fear it would stay there. But by borrowing my agent's overcoat I succeeded in producing a shadow.

I have been looking at Zion all day, and my feet are sore and my legs are weary. I go back to the Salt Lake House, and have a talk with landlord Townsend about the State of Maine. He came from that bleak region, having skinned his infantile eyes in York County. He was at Nauvoo, and was forced to sell out his entire property there for \$50. He has thrived in Utah, however, and is much thought of by the Church. He is an Elder, and preaches occasionally. He has only two wives. I hear lately that he has sold his property for \$25,000 to Brigham Young, and gone to England to make converts. How impressive he may be as an expounder of the Mormon gospel, I don't know. His beef-steaks and chicken-pies, however, were first-rate. James and I talk about Maine, and cordially agree that so far as pine boards and horse-mackerel are concerned it is equalled by few and excelled by none. There is no

place like home, as Clara, the Maid of Milan, very justly observes; and while J. Townsend would be unhappy in Maine, his heart evidently beats back there now and then.

I heard the love of home oddly illustrated in Oregon, one night, in a country bar-room. There were ill-dressed men, in a state of strong drink, were boasting of their respective places of nativity.

"I," said one, "was born in Mississippi, where the sun ever shines and the magnolias bloom all the happy year round."

"And I," said another, "was born in Kentucky—Kentucky, the home of impassioned oratory: the home of Clay: the

State of splendid women, of gallant men!"

"And I," said another, "was born in Virginia, the home of Washington: the birthplace of statesmen: the State of chivalric deeds and noble hospitality!"

"And I," said a yellow-haired and sallow-faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short black pipe by the fire during their magnificent conversation—"and I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that?" they said.

"*Skeouhégan Maine!*" he replied; "kin I sell you a razor strop?"

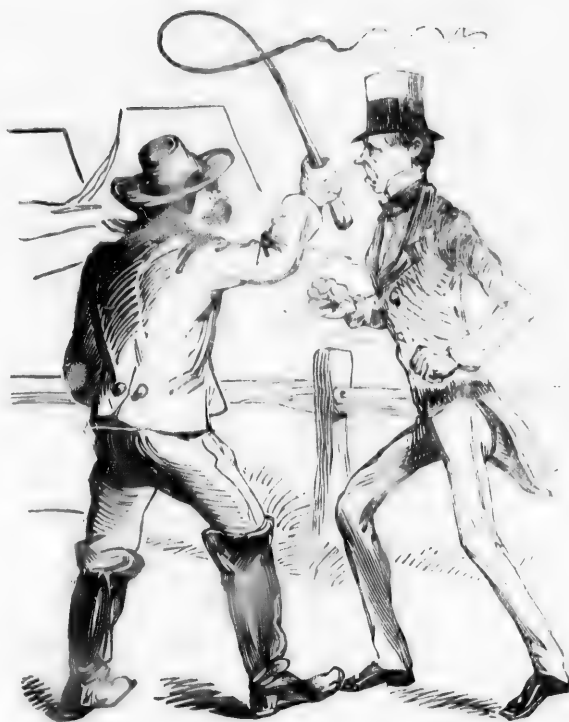
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XI.

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THERE is no mistake about that. There is a good prospect of my staying here for some time to come. The snow is deep the ground, and more is falling.

The Doctor looks glum, and speaks of his ill-starred countryman, Sir J. Franklin, who went to the Arctic once too many.

"A good thing happened down here the other day," said a miner from New Hampshire to me. "A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there was'n't any mules. Says the man, who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the

driver, 'Them mules is into the sage-brush. You go catch 'em—that's wot you do.' Says the man of Boston dressin', 'Oh no!' Says the driver, 'Oh yes!' and he took his long coach-whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

It didn't strike me as much of a joke to pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold fare, and then be horse-whipped by stage-drivers, for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas of humor differ, just as people's ideas differ in regard to shrewd-

ness—which "reminds me of a little story." Sitting in a New England country store one day, I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers:

"Say, Bill, wot you done with that air sorrel mare of yourn?"

"Sold her," said William, with a smile of satisfaction.

"Wot 'd you git?"

"Hund'd an' fifty dollars, cash deown!"

"Show! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin' spavin'd critter? Who'd you sell her to?"

"Sold her to mother!"

"Wot!" exclaimed brother No. 1, "did you rilly sell that kickin' spavin'n critter to mother? Wall, you air a shrewd one!"

A Sensation-Arrival by the Overland

Stage of two Missouri girls, who have come unescorted all the way through. They are going to Nevada territory to join their father. They are pretty, but, merciful heavens! how they throw the meat and potatoes down their throats. "This is the first Squar' meal we've had since we left Rocky Thompson's," said the eldest. Then addressing herself to me, she said:

"Air you the literary man?"

I politely replied that I was one of "them fellers."

"Wall, don't make fun of our clothes in the papers. We air goin' right straight through in these here clothes, *we* air! We ain't goin' to *rag out* till we git to Nevada! Pass them sassiges!"

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XII.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG sends word that I may see him to-morrow. So I go to bed singing the popular Mormon hymn:

Let the chorus still be sung,
Long live Brother Brigham Young,
And blessed be the vale of Deseret—rét—rét!
And blessed be the vale of Deseret.

At two o'clock the next afternoon Mr. Hiram B. Clawson, Brigham Young's son-in-law and chief business manager, calls for me with the Prophet's private sleigh, and we start for that distinguished person's block.

I am shown into the Prophet's chief office. He comes forward, greets me cordially, and introduces me to several influential Mormons who are present.

Brigham young is 62 years old, of medium height, and with sandy hair and whiskers. An active iron man, with a clear sharp eye. A man of consummate shrewdness—of great executive ability. He was born in the State of Vermont, and so by the way was Heber C. Kimball, who will wear the Mormon Belt when Brigham leaves the ring.

Brigham Young is a man of great natural ability. If you ask me, How pious is he? I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up. Personally he treated me with marked kindness throughout my sojourn in Utah.

His power in Utah is quite as absolute as that of any living sovereign, yet he uses it with such consummate shrewdness that his people are passionately devoted to him.

He was an elder at the first formal Mormon "stake" in this country, at Kirtland,

Ohio, and went to Nauvoo with Joseph Smith. That distinguished Mormon handed his mantle and the Prophet business over to Brigham when he died at Nauvoo.

Smith did a more flourishing business in the Prophet line than B. Y. does. Smith used to have his little Revelation almost every day—sometimes two before dinner. B. Y. only takes one once in awhile.

The gateway of his block is surmounted by a brass American eagle, and they say ("they say" here means anti-Mormons) that he receives his spiritual dispatches through this piece of patriotic poultry. They also say that he receives revelations from a stuffed white calf that is trimmed with red ribbons and kept in an iron box. I don't suppose these things are true. Rumor says that when the Lion House was ready to be shingled, Brigham received a message from the Lord stating that the carpenters must all take hold and shingle it, and not charge a red cent for their services. Such carpenters as refused to shingle would go to hell, and no postponement on account of the weather. They say that Brigham, whenever a train of emigrants arrives in Salt Lake City, orders all the women to march up and down before his block, while he stands on the portico of the Lion House, and gobbles up the prettiest ones.

He is an immensely wealthy man. His wealth is variously estimated at from ten to twenty millions of dollars. He owns saw mills, grist mills, woollen factories, brass and iron foundries, farms, brick-yards, &c., and superintends them all in person. A man in Utah individually owns what he grows and makes, with the exception of a

one tenth part: that must go to the Church; and Brigham Young, as the first President, is the Church's treasurer. Gentiles of course say that he abuses this blind confidence of his people, and speculates with their money, and absorbs the interest if he isn't the principal. The Mormons don't say whatever of their money he does is for the good of the Church; that he defrays the expenses of emigrants from far over the seas; that he is foremost in all local enterprises tending to develop the resources of the territory, and that, in short, he is incapable of wrong in any shape.

Nobody seems to know how many wives Brigham Young has. Some set the number as high as eighty, in which case his children must be too numerous to mention. Each wife has a room to herself. These rooms are large and airy, and I suppose they are supplied with all the modern improvements. But never having been invited to visit them I can't speak very definitely about this. When I left the Prophet he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to call again. This was flattering, because if he dislikes a man at the first interview he never sees him again. He made no allusion to the "letter" I had written about his community. Outside guards were pacing up and down before the gateway, but they smiled upon me sweetly. The verandah was crowded with Gentile miners, who seemed to be surprised that I didn't return in a wooden overcoat, with my throat neatly laid open from ear to ear.

I go to the Theatre to-night. The play is Othello. This is a really fine play, and was a favorite of G. Washington, the father of his country. On this stage, as upon all other stages, the good old conventionalities are strictly adhered to. The actors cross each other at oblique angles from L. U. E. to R. I. E., on the slightest provocation. Othello howls, Iago scowls, and the boys all laugh when Roderigo dies. I stay to see

charming Mrs. Irwin (Desdemona) die, which she does very sweetly.

I was an actor once, myself. I supported Edwin Forrest at a theatre in Philadelphia. I played a pantomimic part. I removed the chairs between scenes, and I did it so neatly that Mr. F. said I would make a cabinet-maker if I "applied" myself.

The parquette of the theatre is occupied exclusively by the Mormons and their wives, and children. They wouldn't let a Gentile in there any more than they would a serpent. In the side seats are those of President Young's wives who go to the play, and a large and varied assortment of children. It is an odd sight to see a jovial old Mormon file down the parquette aisle with ten or twenty robust wives at his heels. Yet this spectacle may be witnessed every night the theatre is opened. The dress circle is chiefly occupied by the officers from Camp Douglas and the Gentile Merchants.

The upper circles are filled by the private soldiers and Mormon boys. I feel bound to say that a Mormon audience is quite as appreciative as any other kind of an audience. They prefer comedy to tragedy. Sentimental plays, for obvious reasons, are unpopular with them. It will be remembered that when C. Melnotte, in the Lady of Lyons, comes home from the wars he folds Pauline to his heaving heart and makes several remarks of an impassioned and slobbering character. One night when the Lady of Lyons was produced here, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a *cussed fuss over one woman*. The prices of the theatre are: Parquette, 75 cents; dress circle, \$1, 1st upper circle, 50; 2nd and 3rd upper circles, 25. In an audience of two thousand persons (and there are almost always that number present) probably a thousand will pay in cash

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money, however.

Brigham Young usually sits in the mid-
dle of the parquette, in a rocking-chair, and
with his hat on. He does not escort his
wives to the theatre. They go alone.

When the play drags he either falls into a
tranquil sleep or walks out. He wears in
winter time a green wrapper, and his hat is
the style introduced into this country by
Louis Kossuth, Esq., the liberator of Hun-
garia. (I invested a dollar in the liberty
of Hungaria nearly fifteen years ago.)

XIII.

A PIECE IS SPOKEN.

A piece hath its victories no less than war.

"Blessed are the Piece makers." That is Scripture.

The night of the "comic oration" is come, and the speaker is arranging his back hair in the star-dressing-room of the theatre. The orchestra is playing selections from the Gentile opera of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the house is full. Mr. John F. Caine, the excellent stage-manager, has given me an elegant drawing-room scene in which to speak my little piece.

[In Iowa I once lectured in a theatre, and the heartless manager gave me a Dungeon scene.]

The curtain goes up, and I stand before a Salt Lake of upturned faces.

I can only say that I was never listened to more attentively and kindly in my life than I was by this audience of Mormons.

Among my receipts at the box-office this night were—

20 bushels of wheat.

5 bushels of corn.

4 " " potatoes.

2 " " oats.

4 " " salt.

2 hams.

1 live pig (Dr. Hingston chained him in the box-office).

1 wolf-skin.

5 pounds honey in the comb.

16 strings of sausages—2 pounds to the string.

1 cat-skin

1 churn (two families went in on this; it is an ingenious churn, and fetches butter in five minutes by rapid grinding).

1 set children's under-garments, embroidered.

1 firkin of butter.

1 keg of apple sauce.

One man undertook to pass a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit) at the box-office, and another presented a German-silver coffin-plate, but the Doctor very justly repulsed them both.

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XIV.

THE BALL.

The Mormons are fond of dancing. Brigham and Heber C. dance. So do Daniel H. Wells and the other heads of the Church. Balls are opened with prayer, and when they break up a benediction is pronounced.

I am invited to a ball at Social Hall, and am escorted thither by Brothers Stenhouse and Clawson.

Social Hall is a spacious and cheerful room. The motto of "Our Mountain Home" in brilliant evergreen capitals adorns one end of the hall, while at the other a platform is erected for the musicians, behind whom there is room for those who don't dance, to sit and look at the festivities. Brother Stenhouse, at the request of President Young, formally introduces me to company from the platform. There is a splendor of costumery about the dancers I had not expected to see. Quadrilles only are danced. The Mazourka is considered sinful. Even the old-time round waltz is tabooed.

I dance.

The Saints address each other here as elsewhere, as Brother and Sister. "This way, Sister!" "Where are you going, brother?" etc. etc. I am called Brother Ward.

This pleases me, and I dance with renewed vigor.

The Prophet has some very charming daughters, several of whom are present to-night.

I was told they spoke French and Spanish.

The prophet is more industrious than graceful as a dancer. He exhibits, however, a spryness of legs quite remarkable in a man at his time of life. I didn't see Heber C. Kimball on the floor. I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors.

The old gentleman is present, however, with a large number of wives. It is said he calls them his "heifers."

"Ain't you goin' to dance with some of my wives?" said a Mormon to me.

These things make a Mormon ball more spicy than a Gentile one.

The supper is sumptuous, and bear and beaver adorn the bill of fare.

I go away at the early hour of two in the morning. The moon is shining brightly on the snow-covered streets. The lamps are out, and the town is still as a grave yard.

XV.

PHELP'S ALMANAC.

THERE is an eccentric Mormon at Salt Lake City of the name of W. W. Phelps. He is from Cortland, State of New York, and has been a Saint for a good many years. It is said he enacts the character of the Devil, with a pea-green tail, in the Mormon initiation ceremonies. He also publishes an Almanac, in which he blends astronomy with short moral essays, and suggestions in regard to the proper management of hens. He also contributes a poem entitled "The Tombs" to his Almanac for the current year, from which I quote the last verse :

" Choose ye; to rest with stately grooms;
Just such a place there is for sleeping;
Where everything, in common keeping,
Is free from want and worth and weeping;
There folly's harvest is a reaping,
Down in the grave, among the tombs."

Now, I know that poets and tin-pedlars are "licensed," but why does W. W. P.

advise us to sleep in the barn with the ostlers? These are the most dismal Tombs on record, not excepting the Tomb of the Capulets, the Tombs of New York, or the Tombs of Georgia.

Under the head of "*Old Sayings*," Mr. P. publishes the following. There is a modesty about the last "saying" which will be pretty apt to strike the reader :

" The Lord does good and Satan evil, said Moses.
Sun and Moon, see me conquer, said Joshua.
Virtue exalts a woman, said David.
Fools and folly frolic, said Solomon.
Judgments belong to God, said Isaiah.
The path of the just is plain, said Jeremiah.
The soul that sins dies, said Ezekiel.
The wicked do wicked, said Daniel.
Ephraim fled and hid, said Hosea.
The Gentiles war and waste, said Joel.
The second reign is peace and plenty, said Amos.
Zion is the house of the Gods, said Obadiah.
A fish saved me, said Jonah.
Our Lion will be terrible, said Micah.
Doctor, cure yourself, said the Saviour.
Live to live again, said W. W. Phelps."

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XVI.

HURRAH FOR THE ROAD!

TIME, Wednesday afternoon, February 10. The Overland Stage, Mr. William Glover on the box, stands before the veranda of the Salt Lake House. The genial Nat Stein is arranging the way-bill. Our baggage (the overland passenger is only allowed twenty-five pounds) is being put aboard, and we are shaking hands, at a rate altogether furious, with Mormon and Gentile. Among the former are brothers Stenhouse, Caine, Clawson and Townsend; and among the latter are Harry Riccard, the big-hearted English mountaineer (though once he wore white kids and swallow-tails in Regent street, and in his boyhood went to school to Miss Edgeworth, the novelist); the daring explorer Rood, from Wisconsin; the Rev. James McCormick, missionary, who distributes pasteboard tracts among the Pannock miners; and the pleasing child of gore, Capt. D. B. Stover, of the Commissary department.

We go away on wheels, but the deep snow compels us to substitute runners twelve miles out.

There are four passengers of us. We pierce the Wahsatch mountains by Parley's canon.

A snow storm overtakes us as the night thickens, and the wind shrieks like a brigade of strong-lunged maniacs. Never mind. We are well covered up—our cigars are good—I have on deerskin pantaloons, a deerskin overcoat, a beaver cap and buffalo overshoes; and so, as I tersely observed before, Never mind. Let us laugh the winds to scorn, brave boys! But why is William Glover, driver, lying flat on his back by the roadside, and why am I turning a handspring in the road, and why are the horses

tearing wildly down the Wahsatch mountains? It is because William Glover has been thrown from his seat, & the horses are running away. I see him fall off, and it occurs to me that I had better get out. In doing so, such is the velocity of the sleigh, I turn a handspring.

Far ahead I hear the runners clash with the rocks, and I see Dr. Hingston's lantern (he always *would* have a lantern) bobbing about like the binnacle light of an oyster sloop, very loose in a chopping sea. Therefore I do not laugh the winds to scorn as much as I did, brave boys.

William G. is not hurt, and together we trudge on after the runaways, in the hope of overtaking them, which we do some two miles off. They are in a snowbank, and "nobody hurt."

We are soon on the road again, all serene; though I believe the doctor did observe that such a thing could not have occurred under a monarchical form of government.

We reach Weber station, thirty miles from Salt Lake City, and wildly situated at the foot of the grand Echo Canon, at 3 o'clock the following morning. We remain over a day here with James Bromley, agent of the Overland Stage line, and who is better known on the plains than Shakespeare is; although Shakespeare has done a good deal for the stage. James Bromley has seen the Overland line grow up from its ponyiey; and as Fitz-Green Halleck happily observes, none know him but to like his style. He was intended for an agent. In his infancy he used to lisp the refrain,

"I want to be an agent,
And with the agents stand."

I part with this kind-hearted gentleman, to whose industry and ability the Overland line owes much of its success, with sincere regret; and I hope he will soon get rich enough to transplant his charming wife from the Desert to the "White Settlements."

Forward to Fort Bridger, in an open sleigh. Night clear, cold, and moonlit. Driver, Mr. Samuel Smart. Through Echo Canon to Hanging Rock Station. The snow is very deep, there is no path, and we literally shovel our way to Robert Pollock's station, which we achieve in the Course of Time. Mr. P. gets up and kindles a fire, and a snowy nightcap and a pair of very bright black eyes beam upon us from the bed. That is Mrs. Robert Pollock. The log cabin is a comfortable one. I make coffee in my French coffee-pot, and let loose some of the roast chickens in my basket. (Tired of fried bacon and saleratus bread,—the principal bill of fare at the stations,—we had supplied ourselves with chicken, boiled ham, onions, sausages, sea-bread, canned butter, cheese, honey, &c., &c., an example all Overland traders would do well to follow.) Mrs. Pollock tells me where I can find cream for the coffee, and cups and saucers for the same, and appears so kind, that I regret our stay is so limited that we can't see more of her.

On to Yellow Creek Station. Then Needle Rock—a desolate hut on the Desert, house and barn in one building. The station-keeper is a miserable, toothless wretch with shaggy yellow hair, but says he's going to get married. I think I see him.

To Bear River. A pleasant Mormon named Myers keeps this station, and he gives us a first-rate breakfast. Robert Curtis takes the reins from Mr. Smart here, and we get on to wheels again. Begin to see groups of trees—a new sight to us.

Pass Quaking Asp Springs and Muddy to Fort Bridger. Here are a group of white buildings, built round a plaza, across the Middle of which runs a creek. There are a few hundred troops here under the

command of Major Gallagher, a gallant officer and a gentleman, well worth knowing. We stay here two days.

We are on the road again, Sunday the 14th, with a driver of the highly floral name of Primrose. At 7 the next morning we reach Green River Station, and enter Idaho territory. This is the Bitter Creek division of the Overland route, of which we had heard so many unfavourable stories. The division is really well managed by Mr. Steward, though the country through which it stretches is the most wretched I ever saw. The water is liquid alkali, and the roads are soft sand. The snow is gone now, and the dust is thick and blinding. So dearly, wearily we drag onward.

We reach the summit of the Rocky Mountains at midnight on the 17th. The climate changes suddenly, and the cold is intense. We resume runners, have a break-down, and are forced to walk four miles.

I remember that one of the numerous reasons urged in favour of General Fremont's election to the Presidency in 1856, was his finding the path across the Rocky Mountains. Credit is certainly due that gallant explorer in this regard; but it occurred to me, as I wrung my frost-bitten hands on that dreadful night, that for me to deliberately go over that path in mid-winter was a sufficient reason for my election to any lunatic asylum, by an overwhelming vote. Dr. Hingston made a similar remark, and wondered if he should ever clink glasses with his friend Lord Palmerston again.

Another sensation. Not com'e this time. One of our passengers, a fair-haired German boy, whose sweet ways had quite won us all, sank on the snow, and said—Let me sleep. We knew only too well what that meant, and tried hard to rouse him. It was in vain. Let me sleep, he said. And so in the cold starlight he died. We took him up tenderly from the snow, and bore him to the sleigh that awaited us by the roadside, some two miles away. The new

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moon was shining now, and the smile on the sweet white face told how painlessly the poor boy had died. No one knew him. He was from the Bannock mines, was ill clad, had no baggage or money, and his fare was paid to Denver. He had said that he was going back to Germany. That was all we knew. So at sunrise the next morning we buried him at the foot of the grand mountains that are snow-covered and icy all the year round, far away from the Fatherland, where, it may be, some poor mother is crying for her darling who will not come.

We strike the North Platte on the 18th. The fare at the stations is daily improving, and we often have antelope steaks snow. They tell us of eggs not far off, and we encourage (by a process not wholly unconnected with bottles) the drivers to keep their mules in motion.

Antelope by the thousand can be seen racing the plains from the coach-windows.

At Elk Mountain we encounter a religious driver named Edward Whitney, who never swears at the mules. This has made him distinguished all over the plains. This pious driver tried to convert the Doctor, but I am mortified to say that his efforts were not crowned with success. Fort Halleck is a mile from Elk, and here are some troops of the Ohio 11th regiment, under the command of Major Thomas L. Mackey.

On the 20th we reach Rocky Thomas's justly celebrated station at 5 in the morning, and have a breakfast of hashed black-tailed deer, antelope steaks, ham, boiled bear, honey, eggs, coffee, tea, and cream. That was the squarest meal on the road except at Weber. Mr. Thomas is a Baltimore "slosher," he informed me. I don't know what that is, but he is a good fellow, and gave us a breakfast fit for a lord, emperor, czar, count, etc. A better couldn't be found at Delmonico's or Parker's. He pressed me to linger with him a

few days and shoot bears. It was with several pangs that I declined the generous Baltimorean's invitation.

To Virginia Dale. Weather clear and bright. Virginia Dale is a pretty spot, as it ought to be with such a pretty name; but I treated with no little scorn the advice of a hunter I met there, who told me to give up "literatoor," form a matrimonial alliance with some squaws, and "settle down thar."

Bannock on the brain! That is what is the matter now. Wagon-load after wagon-load of emigrants, bound to the new Idaho gold regions, meet us every hour. Canvas-covered and drawn for the most part by fine large mules, they make a pleasant panorama, as they stretch slowly over the plains and uplands. We strike the South Platte Sunday, the 21st, and breakfast at La'ham, a station of one horse proportions. We are now in Colorado ("Pike's Peak,") and we diverge from the main route here and visit the flourishing and beautiful city of Denver. Messrs. Langrish & Dougherty, who have so long and so admirably catered to the amusement lovers of the Far West, kindly withdraw their dramatic corps for a night, and allow me to use their pretty little theatre.

We go to the Mountains from Denver, visiting the celebrated gold-mining towns of Black Hawk and Central City. I leave this queen of all the territories, quite firmly believing that its future is to be no less brilliant than its past has been.

I had almost forgotten to mention that on the way from Latham to Denver Dr. Hingston and Dr. Seaton (late a highly admired physician and surgeon in Kentucky, and now a prosperous gold-miner) had a learned discussion as to the formation of the membranes of the human stomach, in which they used words that were over a foot long by actual measurement. I never heard such splendid words in my life; but such was their grandiloquent profundity and their far-reaching lucidity, that I under-

stood rather less about it when they had finished than I did when they commenced.

Back to Latham again over a marshy road, and on to Nebraska by the main-stage-line.

I met Col. Chivington, commander of the District of Colorado, at Latham.

Col. Chivington is a Methodist clergyman, and was once a Presiding Elder. A thoroughly earnest man, an eloquent preacher, a sincere believer in the war, he of course brings to his new position a great deal of enthusiasm. This, with his natural military tact, makes him an officer of rare ability; and on more occasions than one, he has led his troops against the enemy with resistless skill and gallantry. I take the liberty of calling the President's attention to the fact that this brave man ought to have long ago been a Brigadier-general.

There is, however, a little story about Col. Chivington that I must tell. It involves the use of a little blank profanity, but the story would be spoiled without it; and, as in this case, "nothing was meant by it," no great harm can be done. I rarely stain my pages with even mild profanity. It is wicked in the first place, and not funny in the second. I ask the boon of being occasionally stupid; but I could never see the fun of being impious.

Col. Chivington vanquished the rebels, with his brave Colorado troops, in New Mexico last year, as most people know. At the commencement of the action, which was hotly contested, a shell from the enemy exploded near him, tearing up the ground, and causing Capt. Rogers to swear in an awful manner.

"Captain Rogers," said the Colonel, "gentlemen do not swear on a solemn occasion like this. We may fall, but, falling in a glorious cause, let us die as Christians, not as rowdies, with oaths upon our lips. Captain Rogers, let us ———"

Another shell, a sprightlier one than its predecessor, tears the earth fearfully in the immediate vicinity of Col. Chivington, filling his eyes with dirt, and knocking off his hat.

"Why, G — d — their souls to h——," he roared, "they've put my eyes out—as Captain Rogers would say!"

But the Colonel's eyes were not seriously damaged, and he went in. Went in, only to come out victorious.

We reach Julesburg, Colorado, the 1st of March. We are in the country of the Sioux Indians now, and encounter them by the hundred. A Chief offers to sell me his daughter (a fair young Indian maiden) for six dollars and two quarts of whiskey. I decline to trade.

Meals which have hitherto been \$1.00 each, are now 75 cents. Eggs appear on the table occasionally, and we hear of chickens further on. Nine miles from here we enter Nebraska territory. Here is occasionally a fenced farm, and the ranches have bar-rooms. Buffalo skins and buffalo tongues are for sale at most of the stations. We reach South Platte on the 2d, and Fort Kearney on the 3d. The 7th Iowa Cavalry are here, under the command of Major Wood. At Cottonwood, a day's ride back, we had taken aboard Major O'Brien, commanding the troops there, and a very jovial warrior he is, too.

Meals are now down to 50 cents, and a great deal better than when they were \$1.00.

Kansas, 105 miles from Atchison. Atchison! No traveller by sea ever longed to set his foot on shore as we longed to reach the end of our dreary coach-ride over the wildest part of the whole continent. How we talked Atchison, and dreamed Atchison for the next fifty hours! Atchison, I shall always love you. You were evidently mistaken, Atchison, when you told me that in case I "lectured" there, immense crowds would throng to the hall; but you are very

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We rat



The Ojibwe Indian buries his tomahawk, and settles down to farming,

dear to me. Let me kiss you for your maternal parent!

We are passing through the reservation of the Ojibwe Indians, who long ago washed the war-paint from their faces, buried the tomahawk, and settled down into quiet, prosperous farmers.

We rattle leisurely into Atchison on a

Sunday evening. Lights gleam in the windows of milk-white churches, and they tell us, far better than anything else could, that we are back to civilization again.

An overland journey in winter is a better thing to have done than to do. In the spring, however, when the grass is green on the great prairies, I fancy one might make the journey a pleasant one, with his own outfit and a few choice friends.

XVII.

VERY MUCH MARRIED.

ARE the Mormon women happy?

I give it up. I don't know.

It is at great Salt Lake City as it is in Boston. If I go out to tea at the Wilkinsons in Boston, I am pretty sure to find Mr. Wilkins all smiles and sunshine, or Mrs. Wilkins all gentleness and politeness. I am entertained delightfully, and after tea little Miss Wilkins shows me her Photograph Album, and plays the march from Faust on the piano for me. I go away highly pleased with my visit; and yet the Wilkinsons may fight like cats and dogs in private. I may no sooner have struck the sidewalk than Mr. W. will be reaching for Mrs. W.'s throat.

Thus it is in the City of the Saints. Apparently, the Mormon women are happy. I saw them at their best, of course—at balls, tea-parties, and the like they were like other women as far as my observation extended. They were hooped, and furbelowed, and shod, and white collared, and bejewelled: and like women all over the world, they were softer-eyed and kinder-hearted than men can ever hope to be.

The Mormon girl is reared to believe that the plurality wife system (as it is delicately called here) is strictly right; and in linking her destiny with a man who has twelve wives, she undoubtedly considers she is doing her duty. She loves the man, probably, for I think it is not true, as so many writers have stated, that girls are forced to marry whomsoever "the Church may dictate." Some parents no doubt advise, connive, threaten, and in aggravated cases incarcerate here, as some parents have always done elsewhere, and always will do,

as long as petticoats continue to be an institution.

How these dozen or twenty wives get along without heartburnings and hairpullings, I can't see.

There are instances on record, you know, where a man don't live in a state of uninterrupted bliss with *one* wife. And to say that a man can possess twenty wives without having his special favorite, or favorites, is to say that he is an angel in boots—which is something I have never been introduced to. You never saw an angel with a Beard, although you may have seen the Bearded Woman.

The Mormon woman is early taught that man, being created in the image of the Savior, is far more godly than she can ever be, and that for her to seek to monopolize his affections is a species of rank sin. So she shares his affections with five or six or twenty other women, as the case may be.

A man must be amply able to support a number of wives before he can take them. Hence, perhaps, it is that so many old chaps in Utah have young and blooming wives in their seraglios, and so many young men have only one.

I had a man pointed out to me who married an entire family. He had originally intended to marry Jane, but Jane did not want to leave her widowed mother. The other three sisters were not in the matrimonial market for the same reason; so this gallant man married the whole crowd, including the girl's grandmother, who had lost all her teeth, and had to be fed with a spoon. The family were in indigent circumstances, and they could not but congratulate

themselves on securing a wealthy husband. It seemed to affect the grandmother deeply for the first words she said on reaching her new home, were: "Now, thank God! I shall have my gruel reg'lar!"

The name of Joseph Smith is worshipped in Utah; and, "they say," that although he has been dead many years, he still keeps on marrying women by proxy. He "reveals" who shall act as his earthly agent in this matter, and the agent faithfully executes the defunct Prophet's commands.

A few years ago I read about a couple being married by telegraph—the young man was in Cincinnati, and the young woman was in New Hampshire. They did not see each other for a year afterwards. I don't see what there is in this sort of thing.

I have somewhere stated that Brigham Young is said to have eighty wives. I hard-

ly think he has so many. Mr. Hyde, the backslider, says in his book that "Brigham always sleeps by himself, in a little chamber behind his office," and if he has eighty wives I don't blame him. He must be bewildered. I know very well that if I had eighty wives of my bosom I should be confused, and shouldn't sleep anywhere. I undertook to count the long stockings, on the clothes-line, in his back yard one day, and I used up the multiplication table in less than half an hour.

In this book I am writing chiefly of what I saw. I saw Plurality at its best, and I give it to you at its best. I have shown the silver lining of this great social Cloud. That back of this silver lining the Cloud must be thick and black, I feel quite sure. But to elaborately denounce, at this late day, a system we all know must be wildly wrong, would be simply to impeach the intelligence of the readers of this book.



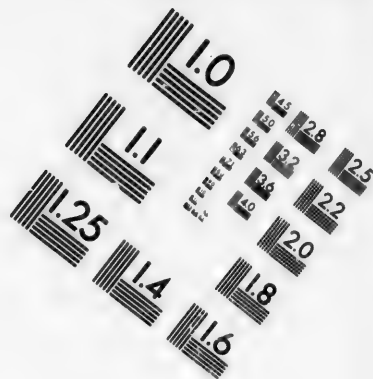
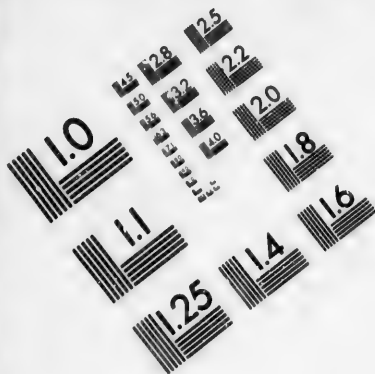
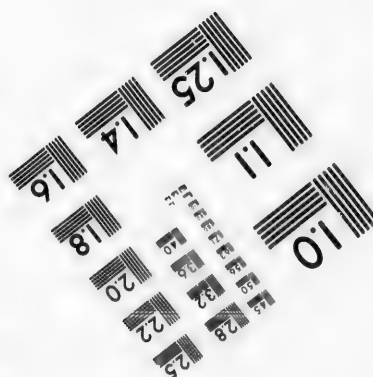
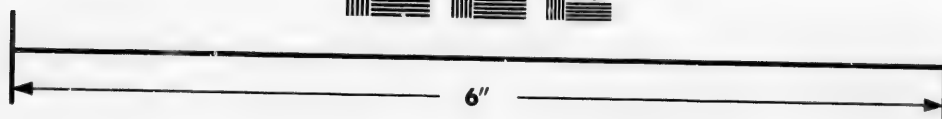
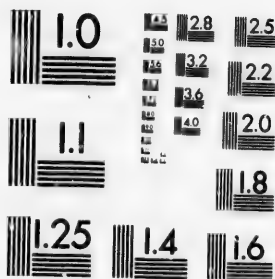


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XVIII.

THE REVELATION OF JOSEPH SMITH.

I have not troubled the reader with extracts from Mormon documents. The Book of Mormon is ponderous, but gloomy and at times incoherent, and I will not, by any means, quote from that. But the Revelation of Joseph Smith in regard to the absorbing question of Plurality or Polygamy may be of sufficient interest to reproduce here. The reader has my full consent to form his own opinion of it.

REVELATION GIVEN TO JOSEPH SMITH,
NAUVOO, JULY 12, 1843.

Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines: Behold! and lo, I am the Lord thy God, and will answer thee as touching this matter: therefore prepare thy heart to receive and obey the instructions which I am about to give unto you; for all those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same; for behold! I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant, and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory; for all who will have a blessing at my hands shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the conditions thereof, as was instituted from before the foundations of the world; and as pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, it was instituted for the fulness of my glory; and he that receiveth a fulness

thereof, must and shall abide the law, or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God.

And verily I say unto you, that the conditions of this law are these: All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations, or expectations, that are not made, and entered into, and sealed, by the Holy Spirit of promise, of him who is anointed, both as well for time and for all eternity, and that, too, most holy, by revelation and commandment, through the medium of mine anointed, whom I have appointed on the earth to hold this power (and I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power and the keys of this priesthood are conferred), are of no efficacy, virtue, or force in and after the resurrection from the dead; for all contracts that are not made unto this end, have an end when men are dead.

Behold! mine house is a house of order saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion. Will I accept of an offering, saith the Lord, that is not made in my name! Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed? And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my father ordained unto you, before the world was? I am the Lord thy God, and I give unto you this commandment, that no man shall come unto the Father but by me, or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord; and every thing that is in the world, whether it be ordained of men, by thrones, or principalities, or powers, or things of name, whatsoever they may be, that are not by me, or by my word

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saith the Lord, shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead, neither in nor after the resurrection, saith the Lord your God; for whatsoever things remaineth are by me, and whatsoever things are not by me, shall be shaken and destroyed.

Therefore, if a man marry him a wife in the world, and he marry her not by me, nor by my word, and he covenant with her so long as he is in the world, and she with him, their covenant and marriage is not of force when they are dead, and when they are out of the world; therefore they are not bound by any law when they are out of the world; therefore, when they are out of the world, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are appointed angels in heaven, which angels are ministering servants, to minister for those who are worthy of a far more, and an exceeding, and an eternal weight of glory; for these angels did not abide my law, therefore they cannot be enlarged, but remain separately, and singly, without exaltation, in their saved condition to all eternity, and from henceforth are not gods, but are angels of God for ever and ever.

And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife, and make a covenant with her for time and for all eternity, if that covenant is not by me or by my word, which is my law, and is not sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, through him whom I have anointed and appointed unto this power, then it is not valid, neither of force when they are out of the world, because they are not joined by me, saith the Lord, neither by my word; when they are out of the world, it can not be received there, because the angels and the gods are appointed there, by whom they can not pass; they can not, therefore, inherit my glory, for my house is a house of order, saith the Lord God.

And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the

Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood, and it shall be said unto them, Ye shall come forth in the first resurrection; and if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection; and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions, all heights and depths, then shall it be written in the Lamb's Book of Life that he shall commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood; and if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them in time and through all eternity; and shall be of full force when they are out of the world, and they shall pass by the angels and the gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever.

Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye abide my law, ye can not attain to this glory; for strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth unto the exaltation and continuation of the lives, and few there be that find it, because ye receive me not in the world, neither do ye know me. But if ye receive me in the world, then shall ye know me, and shall receive your exaltation, that where I am, ye shall be also. This is eternal lives, to know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. I am he. Receive ye, therefore, my law. Broad is the gate, and wide the way that leadeth to the death, and many there are that go in thereat, because they receive me not, neither do they abide in my law.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood, yet they shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan, unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God.

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which shall not be forgiven in the world nor out of the world, is in that ye commit murder, wherein ye shed innocent blood, and assent unto my death, after ye have received my new and everlasting covenant, saith the Lord God; and he that abideth not this law can in no wise enter into my glory, but shall be damned, saith the Lord.

I am the Lord thy God, and will give unto thee the law of my holy priesthood, as was ordained by me and my Father before the world was. Abraham received all things, whatsoever he received, by revelation and commandment, by my word, saith the Lord, and hath entered into his exaltation, and sitteth upon his throne.

Abraham received promises concerning his seed, and of the fruit of his loins—from whose loins ye are, viz., my servant Joseph—which were to continue so long as they were in the world; and as touching Abraham and his seed out of the world, they should continue; both in the world and out of the world should they continue as innumerable as the stars; or, if ye were to count the sands upon the sea-shore, ye could not number them. This promise is yours also, because ye are of Abraham, and the promise was made unto Abraham, and by this law are the continuation of the works of my Father, wherein he glorifieth himself. Go ye, therefore, and do the works of Abraham; enter ye into my law,

and ye shall be saved. But if ye enter not into my law, ye can not receive the promises of my Father, which he made unto Abraham.

God commanded Abraham, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abraham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you, *Nay*; for the Lord commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless it was written, Thou shalt not kill. Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

Abraham received concubines, and they bare him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law; as Isaac also, and Jacob, did none other things than that which they were commanded; and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones; and are not angels, but are gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon, and Moses my servant, as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time, and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

David's wives and concubines were given unto him of me by the hand of Nathan my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and therefore he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his portion; and he shall not inherit them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

I am the Lord thy God, and I gave unto thee, my servant Joseph, by appointment, and restore all things; ask what ye

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will, and it shall be given unto you, according to my word; and as ye have asked concerning adultery, verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man receiveth a wife in the new and everlasting covenant, and if she be with another man, and I have not appointed unto her by the holy anointing, she hath committed adultery, and shall be destroyed. If she be not in the new and everlasting covenant, and she be with another man, she has committed adultery; and if her husband be with another woman, and he was under a vow, he hath broken his vow, and hath committed adultery; and if she hath not committed adultery, but is innocent, and hath not broken her vow, and she knoweth it, and I reveal it unto you, my servant Joseph, then shall you have power, by the power of my holy priesthood, to take her, and give her unto him that hath not committed adultery, but hath been faithful; for he shall be made ruler over many; for I have conferred upon you the keys and power of the priesthood, wherein I restore all things, and make known unto you all things in due time.

And verily, verily, I say unto you, that whatsoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens; and whosoever sins you remit on earth, shall be remitted eternally in the heavens; and whosoever sins you retain on earth, shall be retained in heaven.

And again, verily, I say, whomsoever you bless, I will bless; and whomsoever you curse, I will curse, saith the Lord; for I, the Lord, am thy God.

And again, verily, I say unto you, my servant Joseph, that whatsoever you give on earth, and to whomsoever you give any one on earth, by my word and according to my law, it shall be visited with blessings and not cursings, and with my power, saith the Lord, and shall be without condemnation on earth and in heaven, for I am the Lord thy God, and will be with thee even unto the

end of the world, and through all eternity; for verily I seal upon you your exaltation, and prepare a throne for you in the kingdom of my Father, with Abraham your father. Behold! I have seen your sacrifices, and will forgive all your sins; I have seen your sacrifices, in obedience to that which I have told you; go, therefore, and I make a way for your escape, as I accepted the offering of Abraham, of his son Isaac.

Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself, and partake not of that which I commanded you to offer unto her; for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham, and that I might require an offering at your hand by covenant and sacrifice; and let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me; and those who are not pure, and have said they were pure, shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God; for I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice; and I give unto my servant Joseph, that he shall be made ruler over many things, and from henceforth I will strengthen him.

And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law; but if she will not abide this commandment, then shall my servant Joseph do all things for her, as he hath said; and I will bless him, and multiply him, and give unto him an hundred-fold in this world, of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds. And again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses, and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses, wherein she hath trespassed

against me; and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her, and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice.

And again, I say, let not my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands, lest an enemy come and destroy him—for Satan seeketh to destroy—for I am the Lord thy God, and he is my servant; and behold! and lo, I am with him, as I was with Abraham thy father, even unto his exaltation and glory.

Now, as touching the law of the priesthood, there are many things pertaining thereunto. Verily, if a man be called of my Father, as was Aaron, by mine own voice, and by the voice of him that sent me, and I have endowed him with the keys of the power of this priesthood, if he do anything in my name, and according to my law, and by my word, he will not commit sin, and I will justify him. Let no one, therefore, set on my servant Joseph, for I will justify him; for he shall do the sacrifice which I require at his hands, for his transgressions, saith the Lord your God.

And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood; if any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he can not commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he can not commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him, and to none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he can not commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they

are given unto him; therefore is he justified. But if one or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world, and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my father continued, that he may be glorified.

And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar his wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter, therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold! I am Alpha and Omega. AMEN.

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d to fulfil the
my Father be-
world, and for
worlds, that
en; for herein
inued, that he

say unto you,
holds the keys
unto her the
ining to these
nd administer
troyed, saith
destroy her;
pon all those
aw. There-
she receive
e all things
d, will give
believe and
to my word;
gressor, and
Sarah, who
ccording to
Abraham to
, as pertain-
I say unto
u hereafter,
resent. Be-
AMEN.